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THE SCHOLAR

ANNUAL 1930.

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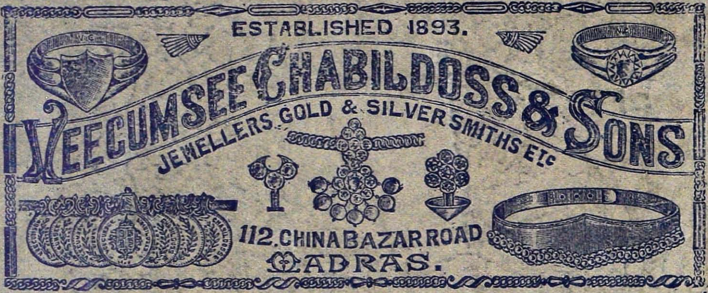

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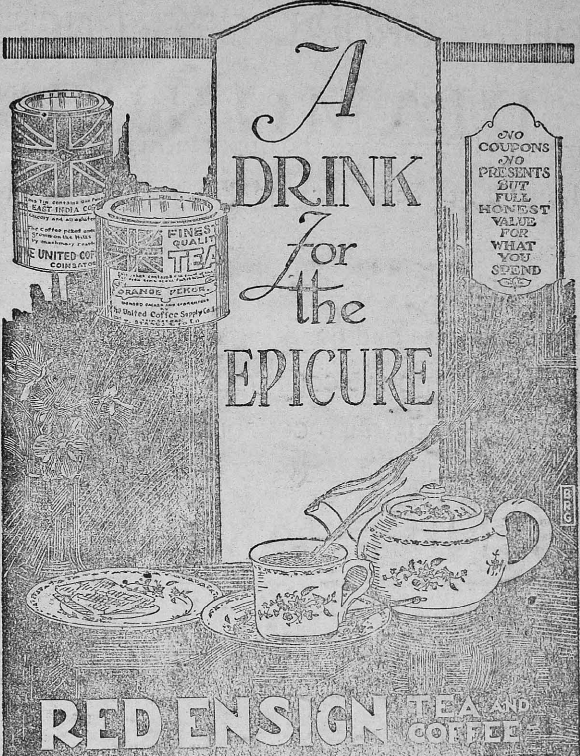

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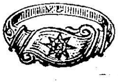

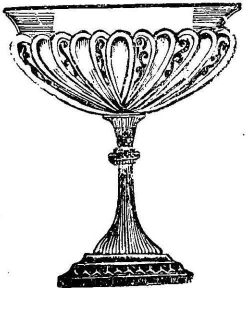

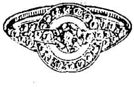

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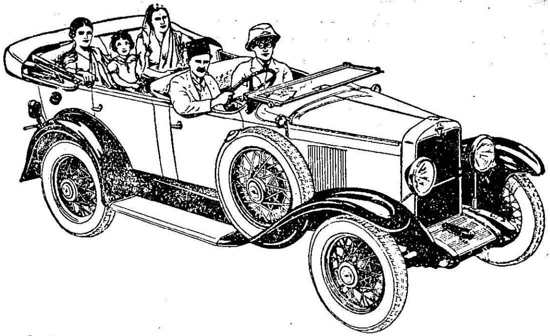

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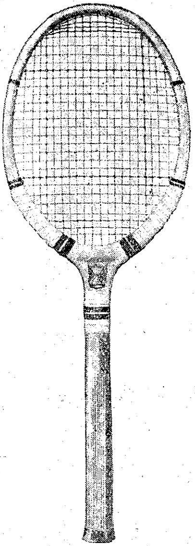

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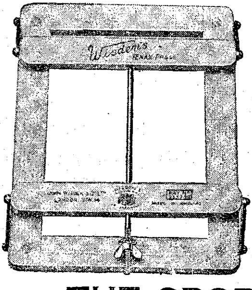

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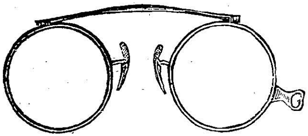

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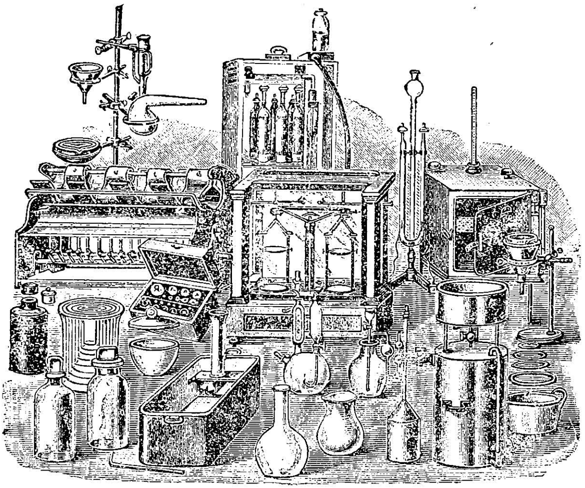

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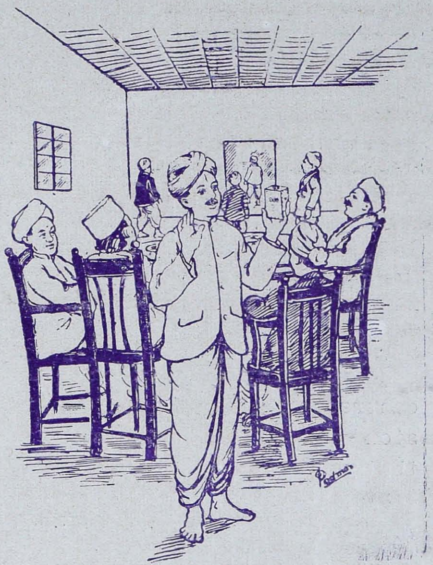

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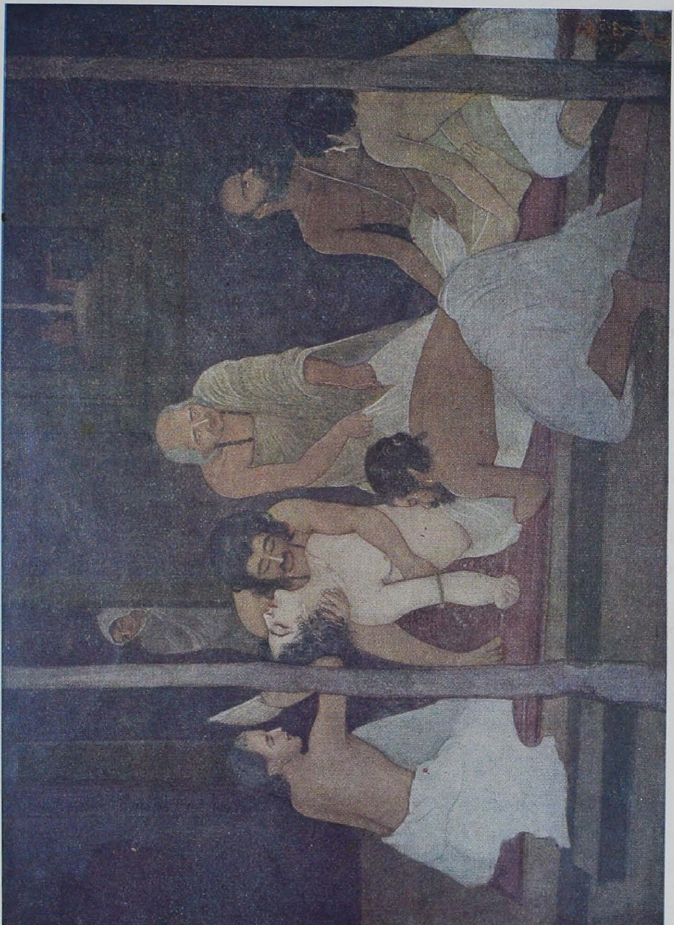

Chaitanya's First Vision.

This beautiful reproduction is from the brush of the master-artist of Bengal, Promode Kumar Chatterjea, and represents an episode in the life of the most famous and well-known Saint and Singer of Bengal, Shri Chaitanya.

The scene represented here is the first vision of the Lord to the Saint who, at sight of the revelation, swoons and falls unconscious. The disciples, in startled surprise, gather round him and minister to his comforts; his mother is witnessing the scene from inside the house.

This picture has also appeared in the "Triveni."

The Scholar

VOL. VI OCTOBER, 1930. No. 1.

TO OUR READERS

ON the occasion of our beginning the sixth year of our existence we send out this Annual with our cordial greetings to our readers. A word of apology is perhaps needed for the issue of the present number. It has been our endeavour to see that each year's production is a trifle better than the previous one, but this year we have had to be satisfied with a comparatively humbler Annual for which we venture to plead the extraordinary times we are passing through as an excuse. The unrest in the political, economic and sociological spheres, so general throughout the world and particularly severe in our own land, has had its repercussions on every branch of human endeavour, not excluding our own. The unprecedented trade depression, coupled with the falling prices in the agricultural commodities which are the nation's main-stay, has laid its blighting hand on many of our patrons and told rather heavily on our advertisements, while the unique struggle for freedom, which has made India the cynosure of all eyes today, has deprived us of the assistance of some of

the most esteemed contributors to our previous Annuals. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, Mrs. A. Lakshmipathy, Mr. K. F. Nariman, Mr. Pattabhi Seetharamayya and Mr. C. Rajagopalachari are some of the honoured names whose inability to help us owing to their incarceration we greatly deplore. Let us hope that by the time our next Annual comes round this state of war would have run its course and that the country would have been restored to peace, harmony and goodwill. It really gladdens our hearts to find that in spite of this and other preoccupations so many of our front-rank thinkers and writers have responded to our call. That shows not merely their sense of duty and responsibility but also has a deeper significance for us which we gratefully acknowledge and shall not forget.

The year that has just closed has been an eventful one even as regards the progress and fortunes of THE SCHOLAR. We would only mention here one or two facts which we deem proper our readers should know. One of the lessons we learnt by bitter experience was the futility of trying to bring out a magazine of this kind according to a pre-arranged plan ; our readers also may have had reason to be aware of it when the monthly issues reached their hands days later than their scheduled time. We are glad to be able to announce that we are in a fair way of remedying this defect. For, though, for reasons to be mentioned presently, THE SCHOLAR is not in a position to have a press of its own, it has at least secured the services of a Press which has been brought into existence to subserve the interests and needs of THE SCHOLAR first and foremost.

Another matter of importance to which we would invite the attention of our readers and bespeak their co-operation is the attempt we are making to put the finances of the magazine on a stable footing. The position of THE SCHOLAR in this respect has been progressively improving, despite the temporary set-back we have had and are having owing to the abnormal situation obtaining at present in the

country. While we gratefully acknowledge this circumstance, we have also to inform our readers that the initial deficits of the first three years have not yet been covered up. Meanwhile, all improvements in the direction of stressing the artistic side, increasing the reading matter and introducing more interesting features etc., which are strictly dependent on the state of our purse, have had to bide their time indefinitely. In order, therefore, to wipe out this deficit and create a fund to serve as a nucleus to enable the uninterrupted production of the magazine in an improved form we have set on foot a scheme, according to which we raise life-subscriptions of Rs. 25 each which will entitle the subscriber to a free copy of the magazine for his lifetime. Pressure of time has stood in the way of working up the scheme intensively ; but even as it is, we are glad to say that so far 43 persons have enlisted themselves as Life Members. We venture to hope that among our numerous readers there will be found many more well-wishers and sympathisers to respond to our call. To such of them as have already responded we express our grateful thanks and pray that we may continue to deserve their patronage!

We have tried hard during these years to discharge aright the real function of a magazine as a disseminator of thought. We thank our co-partners in this work—all those eminent men and women who have helped us in keeping alit the lamp of culture, and also helped us in several other ways to bring out the Magazine, particularly the Annual numbers in the manner we have been able to do with our limited resources. May we also repeat in this connection, what we have said several times before, that THE SCHOLAR has been started primarily for the young, and that we, therefore, invite them to make it the medium for the expression of their ideas and aspirations ?

Book Censorship in America

BAN ON NAUGHTY VOLUMES

BY DR. SUDHINDRA BOSE, M.A., PH. D.

UNDER the American system, where the Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, freedom of press and freedom of conscience, no individual, nor no Government, has in theory the right to dictate to the adult what he shall read any more than what he shall think. One of the most familiar sayings attributed to Lincoln was that no man is good enough to be another man's master. Yet censorship, which has always been the tool of some sort of tyranny, is in full swing in America.

The United States Congress recently passed a law authorising censorship of obscene or seditious literature by Customs officials. It prohibits importation into the United States from any foreign country of "any book, pamphlet, paper, writing, advertisement, circular, print, picture or drawing containing any matter advocating or urging treason or insurrection against the United States or forcible resistance to any law of the United States or containing any threat to take the life or inflict bodily harm upon any person in the United States, or any obscene book, pamphlet, paper, writing, advertisement, circular, print, picture, drawing, or other representation, figure, or image on or of paper or other material, or any cast, instrument, or other article which is obscene or immoral, or any drug or medicine, or any article whatever for the prevention of conception or for causing unlawful abortion, or any lottery

ticket, or any printed paper that may be used as a lottery ticket, or any advertisement of any lottery." Thus America is saved again!

Under the new law over 700 books have been refused admission, 400 Spanish, 200 French, 100 English and a dozen in German and Italian. They include many of the classics of Europe. Defending the exclusion, an officer of the Customs Department said:

> In passing upon such literature the Bureau of Customs has considered, primarily, its evil influence upon the impressionable minds of those persons the statutes, according to the courts, aim to protect—i. e., the young and inexperienced. In examining the text it is sought to determine if the psychological effect of the language would be to create in the mind of the individual libidinous thoughts, and unduly excite the sexual functions or arouse the animal passions.

There is much difference of opinion as to what is obscene and what is not. Morality is relative. The Roman Catholic Church ordained in 1633 that Christendom should not take the moral risk of thinking that the earth revolved around the sun. Therefore Galilee was censured and condemned. Some years ago the short clothes now worn by American women would have been considered obscene. Nearly all of the movies would have been considered obscene. Many books that now pass muster would also have been considered pornographic.

What Is An Immoral Book?

That Customs officials should have authority to exclude from the United States any publication which seems to them of immoral character is preposterous. The principal weakness of censorship is that its limits are very difficult, if not impossible, to define so as to prevent abuse of power. There is a "twilight zone" in which opinion sharply differs as to what is censorable and what not. Many of the fights over censorship occur in this zone. Narrow persons would hang the charge of obscenity upon books, pictures, movies and plays which do not deserve it. Moreover, it seems rather foolish to be so concerned about keeping foreign obscenity out. The home product is worse—and there is

more of it here in these United States. The plain truth is that foreign countries have not much on Americans in the way of indecent literature.

Hon. Bronson Cutting, in a speech in the United States Senate, declared that the American people should be trusted to take care of their own moral welfare and that no bureaucratic guardian is competent to decide for them what they shall or shall not read.. "I admit that there may be those among us who will occasionally abuse those privileges," said Senator Cutting, "but I insist that the same men who would abuse those privileges would abuse the privilege of franchise. If a man is not capable of deciding what he may or may not read without injury to himself, then that man is not fit to be entrusted with the right to select his own representative in the Government. Some believe in the principle stated by Edmund Burke, that the people have a right to be protected from themselves by the superior members of the community. That is the theory which is adopted by the Government of Mussolini and the Government of the Russian Soviet at the present time. But it should not be adopted by the United States as a governmental policy."

The late D. H. Lawrence's booklet "Pornography and Obscenity", which has just been published, is a treatise of power and passion on censorship. The brochure roundly denounces the American and British censorships and derides their conception of pornography. Why is pornography disliked? Is it because it arouses sexual feelings? Lawrence dismissed such a reason as canting hypocrisy. "Half the great poems, pictures, music, stories of the whole world are great by virtue of the beauty of their sex appeal."

The court has held that any book is obscene "which is unbecoming, immodest." This throws open the door to endless imbecilities, for it merely begs the question. Almost any printed allusion to sex may be argued against as unbecoming in this moral Republic, and once it is unbecoming it is also obscence. But "sex appeal" has become so much the common-place of conversation that the sophisticated

school and college girls in the United States refer to it as "S. A."

Protecting Plastic Mind.

The moral gladiators of this country have not yet been able to answer adequately as to when a book is pure. It seems that most of the great literature of the West, with of course some exceptions, is "unbecoming and immodest". One can easily find naughty passages in Aristophanes, Lucretius, Petronius, Chaucer, Ben Johnson, Swift, Sterne, Fielding, Byron, Boccacio, Rebelais, Voltaire, Zola, Maupassant, Balzac, D'Annunzio, Proust. Isn't there a good bit in Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," "King Lear," "Hamlet," and "Romeo and Juliet" that won't do for the squeamish ?

The Puritan gladiators full of characteristic pecksniffery swallow a camel, but strain at a gnat. I have not known any Puritans, even of the purest ray serene, to admit that the great classical offender against obscene language and improper stories is the King James version of the Holy Bible. There are many odd tales in the Book of Judges as there are in Chaucer. The Story of Ruth, much quoted in the evangelical churches, is certainly spicy. And how about the voluptuous strophes of the Song of Solomon ? In 1895, one Mr. Wise, of the State of Kansas, sent a quotation from the Holy Writ through the United States mails, and was found guilty of mailing obscene matter.

Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, author and sociologist, in his important work "Twilight of Christianity" has included an anthology of scriptural obscenity, a few samples of which are reproduced below :

Daughters have improper relations with their father. Genesis 19 : 30--38.
Amon dishonors his sister. 2 Samuel 13 : Verses 12 and 14.
Absalom violates his father's concubines. 2 Samuel 16 : 21.
Rachel rents her husband to Leah. Genesis 30 : 15, 16.
Judah lies with his daughter-in-law. Genesis 38 : 14, 18.
Prostituting daughters. Leviticus 19 : 29.
The beautiful harlot. Ezekiel 16 : 15.
Oman spills his seed. Genesis 38 : 8, 10.
Abram lends wife to Pharoah. Genesis 12 : 15, 18, 19.
Bible sanctions lying. Ezekiel 14 : 9. Jeremiah 20 : 7, 4 : 10.
Cheating sanctioned. Deuteronomy 14 : 21.
Angel Gabriel outrages Elizabeth. Luke 1 : 5--25.

Testing Virgins for the harem. Esther 2 : 12--17.
Sodomy. Judges 19 : 24 Genesis 19 : 8.

I do not believe that there should be censors to act as watch-dogs of our morality. But the moral experts, the professional sin-hounds, have not yet seriously advocated censoring and sterilizing the Christian epic. Perhaps the lascivious portions of it are too gross to be very dangerous to "civilized" Westerners. Anybody can borrow an unabridged and unexpurgated Bible, or go to a Y. M. C. A. lamasery and read the Word of God, and verify the above references for himself to be convinced of the essential soundness of my observation. But why are the Christian theologues, generally loud in their demand for censorship, so magnificently silent on these points?

An important feature of the new censorship law is that it prohibits the importation of radical literature. There are many foreign books and pamphlets which for the most part contain elaborate discussions of far-reaching social and economic changes which it is very desirable to read. Here and there the auther is so impressed with the hopelessness of legal change in the present system that he advocates resort to force, if nothing else serves. That alone will render importation of the whole book impossible.

"Many of the classics of modern economics will be put on this new *index expurgatorious*," points out Professor Chaffee of the Harvard Law School. "The law will prevent a loyal citizen from obtaining from abroad the work of Marx, Proudhon, Bakunin, or Stirner. Even if he could wisely dispense with these left-wing books, much less radical publications will be excluded." For example, one of the sanest discussions of contemporary political and social thought which has a large sale in the United States is Bertrand Russel's "Proposed Roads to Freedom". The further importation of this book from England would be forbidden because of its extracts from the Communist Manifesto of 1848 and from anarchist songs. Manifestly, the censorship law assumes that the American people are so stupid that it is unsafe to let them read anything about revolutions, because they would immediately become converted. This seems a sad state of affairs.

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EDUCATION FOR THE MAKING OF CITIZENS

BY ERNEST WOOD

THERE are two formulae which I would like to present for careful consideration in the discussion of this important question. The first is: "If a man wants to do the best he can for himself, he must do the best he can for others." In other words, service of others is the means to two great things—self-perfection and happiness. Of this, I will content myself with two examples. Almost every teacher knows that he can learn more by teaching others than by studying alone. There is something about the giving of knowledge, that is involved in teaching and service, that makes knowledge vital to the mind, free from dreaminess and wordiness. And when there is great sorrow, especially to the feelings, it is service of others and thoughts for others that can best alleviate it. Thus many European ladies, bereft in the Great War of husbands and brothers and sons, were restored to happiness, by serving in the hospitals and other institutions for the benefit of others. It is important that every citizen should realise where his best progress and happiness lie—in the service of his fellowmen—and that our schools and colleges and universities should direct the minds and emotions of the young to this important fact.

My second formula is: "If a community or State wants to do the best it can for itself, it must do the best it can for every citizen." This conception, that the State exists for the individual, is most important. There are some Governments that place themselves first and legislate for their own convenience, and employ terrorism, ignorance and repression of strong individuals in order to govern easily a nation of passive or uniform beings. But surely we know this, that ignorant and timid citizens are the greatest danger to any community, and that independence and initiative can breed

great men, knowing the value of law and order, and able and willing to work for the common interest. The other policy will only produce cowardly citizens and corrupt politicians and legislators—both examples of selfishness, the great enemy of nationality. We all know the saying: "The history of a nation can be written in the biography of a few individuals." In our schools we must encourage individuality and character, courage and faith in the triumph of the good. We never know where our next great men in politics, in science, in philosophy, in industry, in art, will rise; we do not know how many the nation will produce; but this we do know, that repressive laws and rigid and narrow training in the schools, and lack of opportunity for the development and expression of their genius can and do nip them in the bud, to the irreparable loss of the country and of civilisation.

It has been observed during the last two generations that the various professions of life have been pushing themselves down into t e schools. Formerly there was a certain general education for all, and when a man left school he could become a doctor, or lawyer, or engineer, or teacher, after a brief apprenticeship to the profession, but gradually these professions became so complex that much training became necessary, and their subjects of study were admitted to the curriculum of the schools. Lately commerce, agriculture and domestic science have followed the same path, and are now regarded as subjects of culture and education; not, as formerly, as mere expressions of crude life, imposed upon men by the necessities of the body.

But there is a profession to which all of us in these modern days belong, in addition to our vocation, and one of the most serious importance, requiring not merely knowledge about things, but wisdom about men. It is the profession of citizenship. It deserves the most honoured and prominent place in the school curriculum.

Now, there are three things to be kept in view in preparing students for citizenship:

1. Each citizen must be good for something, able to

PROF. ERNEST WOOD

A PERSIAN LADY IN HER HOME

do at least one thing well. In other words, he must be prepared for a suitable vocation.

2. He must have the community sense, by the development of right emotions, and

3. He must be trained to be a clean man, obedient to natural laws of health.

The division of occupations laid down in ancient Hindu times by the great law-giver Manu, stands to-day, and will serve to guide our thought. There are four kinds of citizens, (1) producers, (2) organisers and distributors, (3) guardians, and (4) teachers. In the first division comes the great class of manual workers of every kind, and our business with regard to these, and to all students who do not show special aptitudes for the other three lines, is to see that they are trained to become skilled with their hands in a variety of work connected with shop or office, so that the unskilled workers in the community may be as few as possible, and the skilled may be in a position to change their work with the changing times and in special times of need. It may be assumed that all students are in this division who do not show ability for the others, and the mental part of their training should aim rather at great proficiency in reading, writing, arithmetic and citizen-knowledge than at a knowledge of many subjects.

The second group includes a great variety of occupations connected with the organisation of agriculture, industry, manufacture and transport, and the marketing of produce and goods of every kind. There are many students who have constructive ability, without literary or scientific tendencies, who can be prepared to be drafted into these lines, and the teacher who knows his students well can easily pick them out, and give them suitable advice about their selection of advanced courses of studies, and information about the commercial or other business they may have in view.

The guardians, who form the third group, are the officers for the protection of the citizens and the law, with the physical and mental divisions of army and navy, police

and judicature. The fourth division is the teacher, and this includes all who are concerned in the discovery and dissemination in any way of truth and knowledge, science, art, law, philosophy and religion. It is highly necessary that every student should have a course of secondary or higher education leading to efficient and positive citizenship on one of these four lines.

The development of the emotions is the most important of all. Much attention is usually paid to the intellect and physical training, but the emotions are generally neglected or directed into wrong channels. One thing we ought to observe very clearly—the emotions and motives developed by a child during ten or fifteen years of school life are, in most cases, sure to govern his activities for the remainder of his life.

Consider the emotion of *fear* in schools. Sometimes it is fear of the rod or other physical punishment, but even in schools which have risen above such barbarism, 'there often remains fear of hard words and ridicule, and fear of the results of examinations. To many students it appears that they are not welcome in the world and that their country does not want them. They seem to hear their parents and teachers saying to them: "Work hard at your studies, not because the knowledge is interesting and useful in itself, but so that you may pass the examinations, because, if you do not pass, your condition in later life will be very miserable. But if you succeed you will have comfort, respect and security."

This is an application of the rule of fear. The student is induced to work for years with a motive of fear. What kind of a citizen will he become, after he has succeeded in the examinations? One who, if he is rich, will place his own comfort, name and safety before the public weal, will seek office for the sake of name or petty authority, or for what money he can in some way obtain from it for himself, and will always work secretly against the public good in order to secure his own position and money. Do not blame him. It is the fault of his education, which has cultivated

the worst emotions of selfishness, vain pride, and above all fear. If, again, he is comparatively poor, he will secure what little he has, bow to false authority, and fear all progress and enterprise.

We must introduce a positive and beneficial emotional atmosphere into the schools. We must appoint teachers who love teaching, and are devoted to the good of mankind; and will infuse their own enthusiasm into the students' lives, and give them right motives. They will teach their charges the history of mankind (without emphasising the ruin that filled the passionate lives of kings and conquerors) and show them the benefits that they inherit from the work of the past, and their relation to the present and future communities of mankind. They will say, "Work now. The world needs good men, and there is always an honourable place for the one who can do anything well."

One of the best means for awakening strong and good emotions is the teaching of enlightened patriotism. In some of the schools and colleges with which I was connected some years ago, we introduced what we called the "Patriotic Period"—a period of fourty-five minutes once a week, in which the students and teachers of all the classes assembled together. On the platform we had a portrait of one of India's great personages of the past or the present, and this was garlanded. We began our meeting with a patriotic song, describing the beauty and bounty of the Motherland, in which all joined. Then one of the teachers, sometimes a senior student, who had been preparing the matter during the week, rose and spoke for half an hour on the life and work of the great man of the occasion, and the benefits resulting to his fellowmen and his country. In the course of a year we could thus acquaint the students with more than thirty of their countrymen—soldiers, statesmen, poets, reformers, scientists, artists and the rest. There is no reason why all the schools in India should not adopt this plan. With such emotions in the school we might soon make a nation glorious and pure, standing with dignity, honour and power, but without menace, among the nations of the world.

FEDERAL FINANCE FOR INDIA

THE LAYTON PROPOSALS

BY PROF. P. J. THOMAS, M. A., B. LITT., PHD.

WHATEVER might be the deficiencies of the Simon Report in its constitutional aspect, there is no doubt that the Report on Indian Finance by the expert advisor is a document of more than ephemeral value: it is the best existing analysis of the Indian financial system and the first attempt at a correlation between public finance and public welfare in India. For the first time, a first-rate economist has subjected our financial system to a thorough-going analysis in the light of economic theory and of economic experience elsewhere, and has given us not only a workable scheme of re-adjustment but has also provided a formula which is calculated to remedy, if not eradicate, the worst of our economic ills. The appointment of an expert financial assessor has thus been eminently justified: for, untrammelled by the prejudices and pre-possessions which one long resident in India or taking part in its administration could hardly divest himself of, Sir Walter Layton was able to view the problem objectively, and bring to bear upon its solution the accumulated experience of the world in regard to public finance. Like the best of economists, he took a dynamic view of things, and was not obsessed with a veneration for what *is* :-and this is not a quality found in any great abundance in those classes of people who have in the past monopolised constitution-making. Here is another nail to the coffin of the dead (or dying?) view that the scientific expert is unsuited to advise on practical matters.

The underlying idea of Layton's thesis is the poverty of India, and the central purpose of his suggestions is its amelioration. But, it is not by taxing less but by taxing more that he proposes to effect this. This may sound paradoxical. The popular mind is obsessed

with the notion that all tax is an evil; even Mr. Gladstone used to say that money must be left in the pockets of the people so that it may "fructify" there. Indeed, a tax may be an evil if it is spent for unproductive purposes, or if it only broadens the gulf between the rich and poor, but it may turn out to be a blessing to the community if it is used for expenditure on the social utility services—health, sanitation, education—and the development of agriculture and manufactures. In India, such nation-building services are assigned to Provincial Governments, but these Governments are not in possession of adequate funds to spend upon them. Whilst the Central Government, whose administrative expenditure is not very expansive, has at its control elastic sources of revenue like customs and income-tax, the Provincial Governments have to finance their highly expansive services with the proceeds of rather inelastic heads of revenue like land-revenue and liquor excise. The result is that those important services are practically starved, and as compared to Western countries, we spend a far larger proportion of our revenue on defence and security services than for the social and economic development of the people. Layton takes a dynamic view of the situation, and firmly lays it down that it is "both possible and desirable to improve the social and economic condition of India by a substantial increase in the expenditure on nation-building services". This he proposes to do not by merely redistributing the existing revenue between the Central Government and the Provinces, but by imposing additional taxation which may not only provide funds for those much-needed services, but may also make the incidence of taxation equitable as between economic groups in the country. For, although the masses are poor, there still remain certain untapped sources, and there are also certain accumulations of wealth on which taxation presses but lightly at present.

It is proposed to supplement the revenue resources of the Provincial Governments in three ways: *first* by widening the domain of provincial taxation, *secondly* by entitling the Provincial Governments to a share of the proceeds of certain

central taxes, and *thirdly* by providing a "Provincial Fund" which would be distributed to the Provinces on a *per capita* basis. For various reasons, it is not proposed to widen to any great extent the domain of provincial taxation, except that the Provinces are to have power to raise terminal taxes, but a growing share of certain important taxes centrally collected are to be made over to them. Thus it is suggested to assign to them one-half of the income-tax), paid by the residents in a Province (but not super-tax, to allow them to levy surcharges on this personal income-tax on the lines of the *centimes additionnels* in the continental countries, and to levy additional excise duties on imported liquor, the claim of the Central Government being limited to the standard luxury rate of 30 per cent. It is also proposed to remove the exemption from income-tax on agricultural incomes and to assign the revenue to the province of origin, but this is to be done by stages, to avoid hardship.

Indeed the Provincial Fund is the crux of the whole solution proposed. It is to be fed by raising two new taxes, an excise on cigarettes and another on matches, and by transferring salt-tax to the provinces, when the Central Budget situation permits. This fund is to be distributed to the provinces according to their population, in order that the poorer provinces may be helped to develop themselves. Nor is the adminstration of this fund to be left solely to the Central Government: the Finance Ministers of the provinces should form an Inter-Provincial Council to meet once a year and consider proposals in regard to the fund, and its decisions will be placed before the Central Assembly by the Finance Minister of the Government of India.

Such, in brief, is the new system proposed by Sir Walter Layton. No doubt there are lacunae in the system, and the financial stringency brought about subsequently by trade depression, has made it necessary to raise the estimates radically. However, we have before us an admirable basis for discussion.

From the point of view of this Presidency, the Layton Report is in some ways gratifying. When the Simon

Commission toured India last year, certain persons complained to them about the unfair advantage enjoyed under the Meston Settlement by the 'agricultural' provinces (chiefly Madras, United Provinces and the Punjab) after the extinction of the provincial contributions. It also appeared, at one stage, that this view was gaining support with the Commissioners. It was then that the present writer wrote in the local newspapers an article in which it was shown that the improvemet of the finances in Madras and the United Provinces was not due to any partial treatment of them by the central Government, but resulted from the ceasing of a state of things in which, for half a century, these provinces were continuously penalised. This seems to have had its effect, for in the final Report, the reader is warned against 'jumping to the conclusion' that the advantage now enjoyed by the agricultural provinces after the termination of the contribution was unfair. The case of Madras, in particular, is specifically cited, although the pertinent points have not been dealt with. The view taken by the Report is that whatever may have been the comparative burdens borne by the different provinces in the past, the new settlement must, as far as possible, be based on equitable standards. We have no quarrel with this, and our only desire is that such standards should be equally applied. It is particularly gratifying to find that the idea of the 'Central Fund' (otherwise called the Provincial Fund') has found favour with the Commission. The right principles have thus been pitched upon, and there remain only to work out the practical details; but this is the more important part of the work, and we in this Presidency have everything to gain by watchfulness at this juncture. There have been times when the claims of Madras suffered by default; let us hope that our public men will realise to the full their heavy responsibilities in the matter and enable the 'premier' Presidency to keep up the pace of progress set during the last ten years.

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see and said :—

"Blend thyself with the poor and broken ones;
Mingle with the meek and little ones;
Temples, tirthas have denied my Light;
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See my Gokul Beauty in their bruised forms!
Hear my Gita in their toils and tears!"

——*T. L. Vaswani.*

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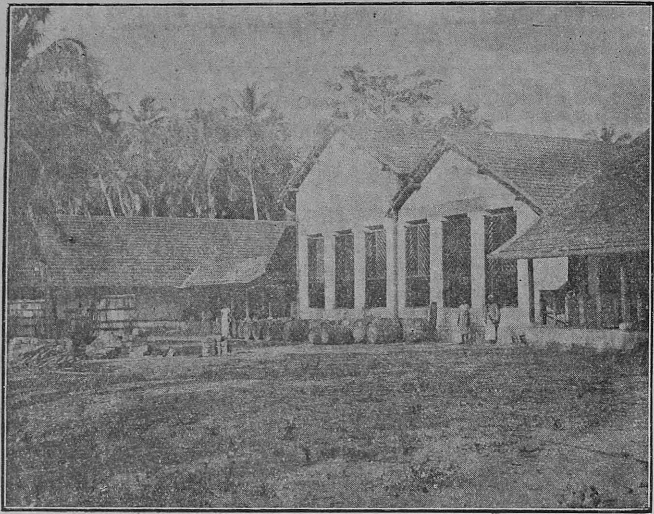

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INDIA AND INDEPENDENCE

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

[*In 1921 Mr. Holmes proclaimed Gandhiji "the Greatest Man in the World," when most Americans had not heard of the Mahatma.*]

THE remarkable thing about India is not that she wants her independence. What she seeks today is only what Ireland, Egypt, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, Poland and scores of other nations have sought before her. America's forefathers fought and died for independence from the same Empire against which the hosts of India are now contending. They are, therefore, among the first to understand and sympathise with their Eastern brethren.

No, the remarkable thing about India is not her desire for independence, but the unique method which she is using to gain that independence. Under the exalted leadership of Gandhiji, the Indian people are writing a new chapter in the story of mankind. Deliberately, by the exercise of sublime patience and at the cost of bitter suffering, they are undertaking to fight a battle for liberty without resort to violence. History has never seen anything like this before. Non-resistance has been tried by individuals like St. Francis, and by social and religious groups like the Friends and Hindus. But the revolution in India marks the first time that a nation has undertaken to lift its struggle for independence from the plane of armed force to the plane of soul-force. If only because of his exalted and triumphant application on the widest scale of the highest spiritual idealism, the Mahatma should have the support of all religious men.

It is important that this support should not be shaken nor withheld by any question as to conference between Britain and India. Gandhi is under condemnation by many Englishmen and by some of my fellow-citizens here in the United States, because of his alleged refusal to settle existing difficulties peacefully and constructively by mutual

discussion between the two parties involved. But Gandhi has always been willing to confer with Englishmen. At any time since January 1, 1929, especially after the November statement of Lord Irwin, Gandhi has been ready to meet with proper representatives of the Empire, to the end of agreeing upon terms of settlement. His only conditions have been the terms alone consistent with the self-respect of India and the exigencies of the situation—chiefly, release of political prisoners, and official recognition of the principle of Dominion Status as the basis of discussion of conditions for its accomplishment as "the substance of independence". These are his only terms as affirmed and reaffirmed on every possible occasion. If there is no conference between Britain and India, if the Round Table is a failure, as the Simon Report was an egregious failure, because of lack of support of those in India without whose co-operation no settlement of existing difficulties is possible, it is Britain alone that is to blame. Deliberately the Empire has chosen to wield the club and draw the sword upon an unresisting people, and place in jail the purest, gentlest spirit in the world today. What excuse can there be for England in such a plight, and what compassion for Premier MacDonald, who has not been either wise enough or brave enough to find the better way?

It is this issue, and this truth, which are becoming ever clearer and clearer here in America. English propaganda is busy and effective in the United States. Newspaper dispatches are almost exclusively those controlled by the English censorship. The English side of the existing crisis is therefore presented a hundred times where the Indian side is presented once. But the American people are clear-sighted, fair-minded, and the love of liberty is deeply planted within their hearts. Furthermore, nothing can avail in the end in India, or even obscure the facts. Let India, therefore, count confidently in America for understanding, sympathy and support in her great struggle for the larger liberties of her great people.

MAHATMA GANDHI

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CHAITANYA

The God–intoxicated mystic of Nudia

BY C. S. TRILOKEKAR, M. A.

THE modern age, is an age of adjustment in which new values are to be set to worn out and ancient conceptions and the present is to be judged by standards which are pre-eminently new and vital. To the modern mind the past has lost its charm because the present in its manifold and varied aspects is brought so close and near and made so palpitatingly living. It turns away almost in a spirit of *enuii* from that which is *effete* and spent-out. To bring to a generation so youthful, forceful, pushing feeling and daring, an echo of a voice from the past, to conjure before their mind's eye a picture however captivating, alluring and arresting of bygone days, is not only to risk their appraisal and appreciation but to court instant disaster and utter rejection.

But a glimmer of hope rises in one's heart when one sees that Chaitanya was to his age what the idealist aspiring youths are to the present. If Chaitanya could be the force that he was in his time, and if he is a force for all times, it is because his dynamic personality stood boldly in revolt against such things of his days as came in the way of the realization of The Unity of Life, the constant happy experience of the presence of God. To him anything short of this, was a negation of the Almighty, All-powerful, ever-Loving Beloved whose humble lover, he protested himself to be.

The complete revolution in the heart of Chaitanya and his consummate conversion were not effected without struggle, effort and heart-searching quest. The spirit of the time was against him, his family traditions and upbringing stood in his way, his religion was a hindrance to him, his caste held him in its iron grip—but he saw that Truth was beyond all these, he saw it wholly and truly and he panted forward straight to achieve and succeed—and in the end

victory crowned his labours and filled him with joy and happiness.

To turn to such a life at any moment, is so to fill one's mind and heart with inspiration and aspiration as one does when one looks at a beautiful landscape or admires a superb picture, when one listens to a ravishing melody or hears a noble oration. Chaitanya with his handsome figure, his childlike simplicity, his melodious voice, his sonorous chanting of the Divine name of Hari is ever the fascinating figure, the object of adoration of many a devotee of Sri Krishna, the beloved and beautiful. Being a friend of all, he was oblivious of the difference between the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the high and the low born, the great and the small, the Hindu and the Musalman, the Brahman and the Chandala. And his life was a constant evidence of this fact.

Chaitanya, "Nimai"—the little one as he was called in his childhood—the one to whom as a child not much hope of a long life was held out, gave early indications of his future greatness. The fear in the mind of his parents that the tragedy of an elder brother who left family and home to lead what he considered to be a holy life might be repeated in Nimai their cherised and now only son, delayed Chitanya's schooling. All praise to the brother since during this very impressional period, Nimai the child was left to himself. He voraciously and eagerly imbibed lessons and experience from all and sundry things which made the life of Nudia what it was, one of the greatest acadamic and religious centres of Eastern Bengal in the 15th and 16th centuries. To have freedom to roam at one's will near and round about a great and sacred river like the Ganges, on the banks of which Nudia stood, was an education in itself. The multitudinous throngs of people of all stations in life who mingled freely and without let and hindrance on the bosom of the river and at its margins—was a sight which could not but leave its permanent impress of close intimacy and familiarity between man and man—the Mother Ganges enfolding them all in her close embrace—on that keen, curious and alert mind that was alive to everything about

it. The feel of the throb of the unity of life, must have been felt then when mother nature was carefully tending this delicate flower of hers, which was to give out its rich perfume and fragrance in the fulness and maturity of a well developed life. The school master was not there, to pronounce his taboos and execration of "do and do not this" almost at the point of the detested cane, no parents present to preach and pass unsympathetic and ununderstanding judgments on childhood's hearty and joyous pranks. All was colourful, harmonious and joyful. Life itself taught him who was to be the teacher of life.

It was during this docile period that on Nimal's head was heaped the ire of his orthodox parents, when tales were carried to them that Nimai helped some untouchables in their labours on the banks of the Ganges or when his sportive spirit would like to play pranks with the Pandits of Nudia, the great Dons of an ancient University.

A period of encrustation and hardening began when late in life his scholastic career commenced. During the stage of deadening, he must have wondered, pondered and wistfully turned again and again to his memories of childhood when everything was so simple, so good and so refreshingly happy. This restive mind which had tasted of the liberty and freedom of close human contact, could not brook the rigidity of the school and of his own seminary which gave him occasion to show his powers of rhetoric, his capacity for argument—but right through it he must have felt the hollowness of the sounds of mere words, when the reality was always eluding and far away from his reach and grasp. He could not be satisfied with the mere victories of the intellect, when the heart yearned for something more tangible and lasting. This dis-satisfaction was in fact the stepping stone, which urged him to seek the truth within himself and he found that on a memorable day—when on a visit to Gaya, he had the first beatific experience of breaking through the hard crusted shell and in the fulness of heart his mouth uttered the ineffible name of HARI—a name dear and loving to him because he saw it writ large everywhere and to the tune of which he lived every moment. He thus gained liberation.

The repeated ecstasies in which he used to be transported breathed out from his lips ever and anon the name of Hari—followed by bursts of burning, living eloquent words in praise of Him before whom all things paled. Intoxicated with this love of the Divine he left home, wife, family, caste and religion and became a wanderer seeking to slake the thirst and appease the hunger of those who were in need of the solace of the spirit. Being himself filled with love whose fountain source was in him, he travelled far and wide to make others full. His wanderings through Bharathavarsha brought round him peoples of all kinds. Hindus and Muhamadans vied with each other to do his bidding and to taste for themselves that happiness and joy which Chaitanya was ever spreading round about him. Of his soulful victories, of his conquest of the hearts of people, of his lighting the undying flame of love in the being of his hearers, there are countless instances. But there was no greater example of it, than himself—he in whom the soul was always touching the soul of another, whose greatest strength lay in the victory achieved through the potency of love and whose love-lit lamp was ever shedding its lustre on all around him making them radiant and resplendent in his glory. To say that such a life was quenched in one of the lakes of Puri or that the might of the sea, the very emblem of God's love, overwhelmed him and enfolded him in its loving arms about four centuries ago, would be to admit that Chaitanya lived his life in vain. It was not for naught that Chaitanya lived but it was for being a constant beacon and beckoner to benighted, befogged, perplexed humanity—that through the beauty of the sky, of the river, of the flower, through the music of the human soul and through love of man, it may find God speaking to man. To feel this every moment of one's life, to be intoxicated with it—to be always steeped in it, is to be liberated and free. Such is the message that Chaitanya leaves as a legacy behind him to future generations and ages, and in himself he is one more witness to the eternally true fact that a divine and spiritual life must be consummately human.

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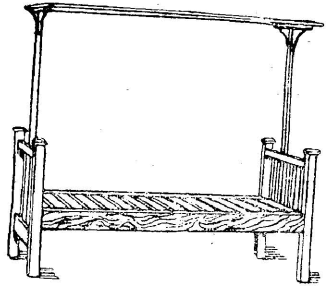

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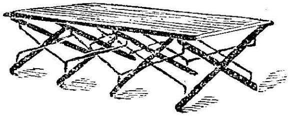

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MAZZINI—A PROPHET OF FREEDOM

BY T. L. VASWANI

ITALY has in the modern era produced a number of patriots. The most distinguished of them are Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Mussolini.

Mazzini has been called a "spiritual torchbearer". He was a profoundly religious man. He loved liberty, for he worshipped the God in Man.

Some called him a conspirator. But many there were who loved him. Swinburne called him "the soul beloved beyond all souls alive". I love to think of Mazzini as a prophet of freedom. "Without freedom", he said, "one's country is only a prison". And that is perfectly true. A country in bondage is one vast prison house.

Born in 1805, Mazzini passed away in 1872. At an early date he resolved to serve the cause of freedom. It was a silent resolve. The deepest things of life are born in the realm of silence. Deepest worship, purest love, noblest charity, shun noise. Some of the greatest resolves which have revolutionised history are born in the silent resolves of heroic hearts.

Mazzini had a heart that moved out in sympathy to those who were in need or suffering. Even as a boy of six years, he felt so much for an aged beggar that he (Mazzini) threw his arms round the old man and said to his mother:—"Give him (the beggar) something, mother! give him something!" Andthe beggar,well pleased with the alms said to Mazzini's mother,—"Love him well! He will love the people!"

Mazzini loved the people. Therefore was he a true patriot. Patriotism is love of the people, not hate of another country or nation. And in love not hate will India re-build her greatness.

Mazzini loved his people. Persecuted, and exiled, he loved his people. He suffered privations, he still loved his people. Mazzini was great because he greatly loved his people.

SHODDYISM:

The New Religion of Humanity

BY K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, B. A., B. L.

QUITE recently Ralph Barton wrote—don't ask me when or where—in a characteristically modern paper: "The decline and fall of the United States is progressing quite nicely in all departments. Each step downward is taken according to schedule and it all checks perfectly with Imperial Rome. We are puffed and rich and flashy, and the rest of the world lies awake nights to envy us with a base and bitter envy. We giggle at our own corruption..............."

Is not this a suitable text for a lay sermon—not of course by the gloomy Dear but by a gloomier Small Unknown? If that is the fate of America,—which is of course God's own land, nay, the land of one who is greater than God viz. Miss Mayo the Great—the other countries of the globe which are in different stages of Americanisation cannot be in any better position. The whole world is heading towards the New Religion of the World. Better fifty years of Shoddyism than a Cycle of Antiquity.

The personal habits of the modern man and woman are of an equally shoddy character. Love of ease, donothingism, squeezing life dry to extract the quintessential and juicy pleasure out of it and night-long wakings in restaurants and taverns and also in music halls and theatres where emotional dram-drinking is available in plenty, endless gamblings, late risings and half-hearted attention to things which alone will count and do count here and hereafter—are the prominent traits of the modern man. Sir Thomas Beecham said once, "I feel sure that in another fifty years Englishmen will never even rise from bed in the mornings, if the present day tendency continues. Even if the modern man gets from bed late, he tries to stimulate himself by all sorts of powerful and poisonous stimulants, and even when he works, his mind is in his club and his gambling adventures and his horse-racings and what not. Though he thinks

that he has conquered earth and sea and air, yet he does not know or feel that the speed-fiend has conquered and possessed him. The craze for thrills and stunts of all sorts are the order of the day. The movies and the talkies with their promises of "flaming passion" and "wonderful adventures" and "hairbreadth escapes" and "honeyed amours" are constantly tickling his jaded nerves. The novel and the drama and even poetry, in their desire to blossom into "best-sellers" have become votaries of the gospel of thrill and sensation.

It goes without saying that men and women today are "going the pace" so as to have "a good time" and "enjoy all the fun." They are of course indistinguishable, as both have become epicene in type. The men indulge more than the women in cosmetics and face-creams and scents and what not, and are keen about waved hair and pink-tipped nails. I have seen men feeling their cheeks when going along the street to find out if suddenly their irrepressible stubble (one of nature's many stupid mistakes) has suddenly come out and thus made them unconscious transgressors of the divine laws of the God of Fashion. Both men and women are found to be devoted votaries at beauty parlours. After getting beautified and depleted of money, thay rush away in motor cars to distant places and waste there the time that was saved by the motor rush. A wit once asked whether motorists put on goggles to prevent their seeing their havoc and whether they carry also "spare parts" such as hands and legs and even heads for the pedestrians. And after all where do they rush like maniacs and go? To clubs to smoke and do nothing there and to cinemas to see impossible heroines to whom impossible love is made by impossible heroes and to enjoy impossible murders by impossible criminals in impossible "crimes passionel"!

There are other personal habits of the modern man which are equally funny. He takes tinned foods and restaurant beverages, neatly packed and even more neatly served, but his brother-producers and brother-servers take care to have them disease-injected before hand. Bar-attendants

take care to dip plates etc. in water which is preserved and dipped into for many days before hand. (I know that in many Madras hotels and restaurants run by Indians, there are equally admirable specialists in this direction). Bakers and confectioners give us 'prepared' foods—i. e. foods which are carefully prepared so as to prepare us for the doctors. Look, then, at the current worship of cats and dogs. The ancient Hindus are laughed at by the modern wiseacres for their worship of the cow. What about the beam in your eye, my modern wise man. Mr. A. Leonard Summers: "Dog-worship is a fetish among thousands of idle women who keep a retinue of them at their heels whenever they go out—women who will have nothing to do with children, and yet pet, fondle, and pamper to an idiotic degree the filthiest of animals." I once knew a young friend of mine—a Kumbakonam College Don—who used to go to the coffee club every morning leading with great difficulty—of course heroically borne by way of worship of the God of Mode—two ferocious, filthy dogs to the imminent peril of poor timorous pedestrians! The comic poet is right when he says:

> " And many are afraid of God
> But more of Mrs. Grundy "

The new spirit is in the ascendant in the realm of manners and morals as well all over the modern world. The modern man has discovered and proclaimed that, despite the poet, manners are idle. Under the pretence of being frank and natural and straightforward, we are becoming increasingly brusque and dour and even brutal. As for morals, they are a vanishing quantity. We have evolved from married companionship to companionate marriage. Sir Robert Donald writes: "In the new code there is no standard of morality—there is no morality at all as understood by Western civilisation—and crimes against life and property are almost wiped off the calendar. There is no distinction between marriage and concubinage, nor between legitimate and illegitimate children. There are no prohibited degrees of consanguinity, no punishments for sexual aberrations."

The unfortunate children who are now being born and the more unfortunate children who are to be born hereafter (if the birth-control prophets will allow them to come into the world) are the unluckiest of all. The parents so poison themselves that the children must suffer. The famous Surgeon Sir W. Arbithnot Lane said once: "Women are really the cause of all our misery, degradation and disease, because in the first place, they teach us wrong habits and feed us wrongly......... The Primary factor in the development of cancer is in the degeneration of the woman in civilisation. The poor, badly-nourished thing has lost most of her normal physical characters........her capacity to bear children has become complicated by much trouble and innumerable sequelae, her sexual characters are very defective........She is degenerating also in size, so that the vast majority of them are puny and insignificant. They are unable to provide sufficient nourishment for their offspring and are obliged to fall back upon the deleterious combinations provided for them by food chemists." Our own tuberculosis specialist, Dr. Muthu, said recently that any day we ought to prefer as brides healthy girls in orthodox and uneducated (?) families to hectic and tubercular and educated (?) girls.

The reign of humbug and camouflage and makebelieve is seen nowhere better than in industry and commerce. Shoddy things are manufactured so that price-cutting may not ruin the producers. But that very process ruins the consumers. Thus the modern love of cheapness and quick production ruins both producers and consumers. Everywhere there is a tendency to take life easy and to enjoy (?) life. The modern man is either war-mad or sport-mad. He says: "It is a glorious and beautiful day; let us go out and kill somebody or something." So saying he rushes off to the "kill." He has no delight in making good and fine and valuable things or in possessing them. Quite recently Judge Parfitt said: "Slackness of the present day in so-called business methods is perfectly appalling. I am constantly finding—it occurs day after day—that people never do the proper thing, and yet they are called business people, and I wonder we have any business left in this country."

Shoddyism is nowhere more rampant than in literature and art. The playwright is everyday becoming more and more daringly and shockingly immoral, or else his trade would be gone. The novelist, and after him—though at some distance—the poet, are hurrying along the same crowded road. Jerome K. Jerome said some time ago: "The British stage is becoming a sink of sexuality. To be successful every new play has to go a bit further—has to be more 'daring' (it used to be spelt indecency). People go to the theatre in the hope of their having their animal passions excited—by sensationalism, by sexuality............ A modern Euripides, adapting Homer for the stage, and dreaming of a popular success, would cut out all the Troy business and come straight to the misconduct, and the American producer would, one feels confident, give the film version some such title as 'up in Helen's room'."

As for Religion, it has been dethroned. The old *Isms* have gone and the New *Ism* has come. The modern man has got only one God viz. Pleasure. God Pleasure is the visible King. What does Modern Humanity care for the Invisible King? But even in the realm of pleasure Modern Humanity pursues not real variety but only shoddy varieties of pleasure. Shoddyism is the only Religion of Modern Humanity.

"ROBUR in Undis"

(Strength in the Deep)

May I be firm and steadfast as a rock
Unmoved for ever by the tempests' shock.

And may I ever sympathetic be
Reflecting life as does the azure sea

Changeless, yet changing may I mark all well
Seeing the Truth behind false Maya's spell.

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IT is a real pity that the great scheme of universal elementary education prepared by Ghokale did not receive after his death the measure of attention it deserves even to-day. Mahatma Gandhi's intense Philosophy of the charka would have found a higher fulfilment were it coupled with a real and strenuous attempt to organise and spread mass education on a large scale. The work has no doubt to be carried on on a voluntary basis till a national government alive to its full responsibilities in the matter begins to function.

But the charka even to realise partially its purpose requires the absorbed full time energy of a Mahatma. It is a pity that at such a critical and renascent period as the one through which we are now passing India has not produced another leader of untiring energy and organising power, devoted to the cause of elementary universal education. The loss of two decades since the movement was initiated is indeed a very great loss.

Even the barest of literacy has an ennobling and refining effect on man. It gives one an increased efficiency and human value which contributes materially to the enjoyment of life and the adequate discharge of the varied items of daily work. Such a primary blessing as this so vital to human welfare as sunlight and air nearly 300 millions don't enjoy to-day in India. It is this debt of inertia and ignorance we are paying for in all the walks of our life, in impaired social vitality, in heavy obstacles at every turn of fruitful work, and the lowest average productive power both in wealth and in wisdom.

But this great problem of educating the 320 millions of India can never be satisfactorily solved till the Indian

Village is a self-functioning unit in the Swaraj Constitution in India. It must possess a freedom of movement to go round its own axis. It must have a measure of autonomy to ear-mark a definite share of its own revenues for the purpose of universal elementary education. No provincial or central grant, however liberal, would ever help us for it would never be even, adequate or timely.

Mass education is often patronisingly advocated by urban-dwellers who mainly hold the strings of Government. But very little has generally been done so far for this first duty of any Government. Hence the appalling figure of illiteracy in this land as you find nowhere else in the civilised world.

Even national and provincial autonomy would mean very little to the toiling ignorant millions on the land in the five lakhs of Indian villages till a substantial measure of freedom filters down to the rural areas. Now the Indian village is no better than a baited worm that is dragged along the line of a higher ambition in foaming seas and eddying rivers.

So any Constitution that gives Swaraj to India must recognise the village as the unit of Indian life and confer on it the power to set apart a share of its revenues for the great work of nation-building on the many lines of social amelioration which still await a modest beginning.

On the foundation of autonomous Indian villages there must arise a great body of public workers who are willing to share the toil of humble work in villages. There must be a ten-year plan to make India a new place on earth and the Indian village a little paradise for all its citizens.

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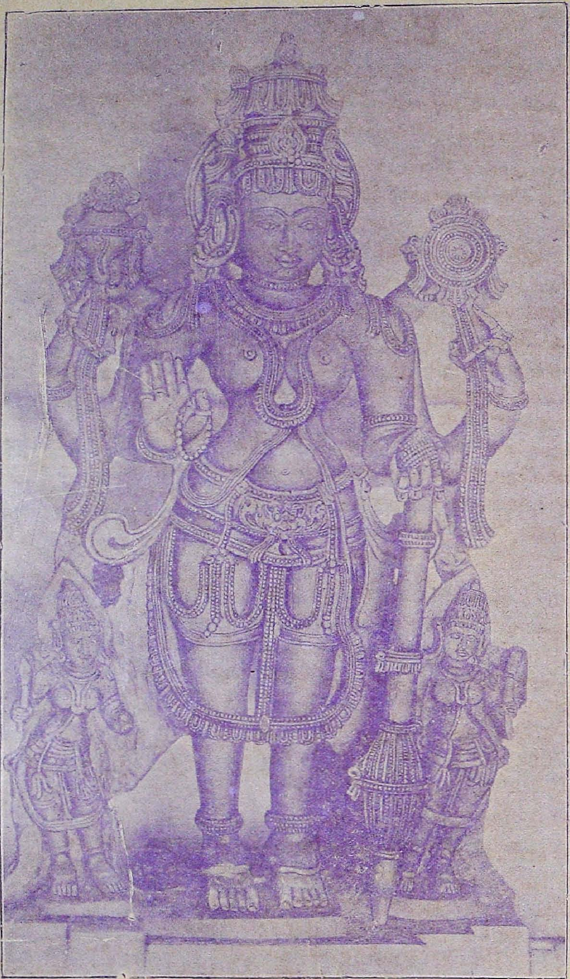

LAKSHMI, GODDESS OF WEALTH
(*Tiruvadi.*)

BLANA

BY REV. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

A tale of ancient Eire, before St. Patrick came "from the east across a stormy sea" to preach the love of Christ there.

Love blunts death's darts, bids time stand still,
And lifts us o'er the steepest hill.

THERE was once an exceptionally pretty girl, and she lived in Bregia. She was so very lovely that even the other girls admitted it, and they are hard to please. Her hair was like spun sunshine, her eyes were blue, not with the pale blue of the sky, but the dark blue of the sea, her lashes were long and dark, and her face was the nicest face in the whole wide plain of Erin. She was young and supple and graceful. But there was something she had that was more beautiful than her face or form or sweet and gracious and mannerly address. It was her soul, it was so bright, that very very few could see its glory. Their eyes were too dim.

Now there also resided in Bregia a young hero and Brian was the name that was on him; he was strong and brave and courteous. Bold against the High-King's enemies, pirates, robbers and bad men, but gentle and kind to women and children and animals. So everyone loved him. And Blana loved him best of all, and he loved her; so as it is the will of The Being that beauty and strength should go hand in hand, they joined theirs before the Arch Druid, and became one in wedlock.

Brian always had loved Blana, but when he got to know that the heart within her was beautiful, he grew to love her with a love those who are made of the dust of the ground can seldom attain to. He could see her inward beauty, and forgot the outer, great as that was. Now there are two kinds of Sidhe, the good, and the not-so-good. And it is the not-so-good that come closest to man because they are most like him.

It happened that Brian and Blana were walking hand in hand near the sacred hill of Crocanalish, and the not-so-good Fairies and lesser gods were holding a Court there. Now these fairies were invisible to Brian and Blana, but could see them very well, and it was not looking at them long they were, before there was a great talking amongst them.

" Just look at those two things, mortals, made of dust and water," said one "it is wrapped up in each other they are entirely, the big fools."

"They have no business to love each other so" said another, "it is us, the Sidhe, and the lesser gods they should be loving. We are made of fire and pure dew, children of the air and the light. I call their carrying on like that, disrespectful."

Then Aevil of the grey-rock, the Queen of the Sidhe spoke. "To think that a fair skin, not thicker than a rose leaf, which must perish in time, and turn yellow in age, could hold any man like that. Something should be done about it, the young man should be taught that mortal good-looks are perishable, and not to set his heart on them. It would be for his good."

Then Pampoge, the Omaden-na-Brena, the Queen's female jester, stepped out of the circle and said "Oh my Queen, if I have your leave, I will touch that proud hussy's face with my bauble. It will turn her cheeks grey-brown like a frozen road of mud, on a winter's day and her lips will be cracked, and her eyebrows grow bristles. You will see how quick that fine young marrier will run from her when he sees the change. It will be a splendid joke, and make Your Majesty laugh ."

And Queen Aevil-of-the-grey-rock, simpered and said "It would be funny. Do it !!"

And Pampoge, slid into the breeze, and touched Blana's face with her bauble. And Blana said, "there is a

coldness on my face, dear man of my heart, and a leaf hit my cheek."

And Brian answered: "It is just the first touch of Autumn in the air, Astore and the leaves will fall when it strikes them." Then he kissed her and said: "The red leaves are not so fair as the red roses in your cheeks."

And Blana kissed him back, and thought no more about it. None the less her cheeks were no longer the petals of a flower, but grey-brown like the mud on a frozen road in winter. But girls in Ancient Erin carried no bags with glasses in them, so she could not see it, or the bristles that were growing in place of her lovely eyebrows and lashes.

And Brian could only see the beauty of her heart, and he was as blind to the change as a bat is to the sun. So they walked on making love. And all the Sidhe and lesser gods, were wild with rage.

"Something must be done at once to put a stop to this drivelling idiotacy" cried the Queen. "I am ashamed that the People of the woods, and waters, the bright air, and the magic hills, have no such love, as those perishing children of the clay. Pampoge, you are a fool as well as a clown. You have only made them worse with your precious bauble. Somebody suggest a remedy quick."

Then two elves led forward the Dallglic (wise blindman). It is he who is the ruler of the night when there is neither moon nor star nor ray of light. He bowed low before Aevil and said: "Give me leave, my sovereign, and I will speedily make an end of this folly. It is her eyes he loves, my elves say, they are full of strange fire like the stars. I will touch them and they will be like my eyes, he will leave her, be certain, and before night it will be a dog will be leading her about. That will end their romance."

And all the Sidhe and lesser gods said the Dallglic was right and the Queen said so too. Then the Dallglic and his two elves flew against Blana like a waft of grey mist.

And Blana screamed: "Oh Brian, my beloved, the light has been wiped out of my two eyes."

And Brian wept with her and comforted her and led her by the hand, and loved her more, if that were possible, because she needed him more.

And Queen Aevil-of-the-grey-rock, and Pampoge, and the Dallglic, and all the Court were so astonished they almost gave up being angry.

"What can it be?" they asked each other. "What is the spell she has cast on him?" And they trembled and shook like rag-weeds in a storm. Then Queen Aevil turned to the Dallglic in great wrath, "Slave" she said, "Your mind is as blind as your eyes." And she called to one of the pages "bring me my bow and quiver."

It was a bow of seven colours like the one that shines after rain. The arrows were as keen and white and fine as forked lightning. She drew her bow, she shot her bolt. And Blana fell lamed to the ground. And the Queen said "That is the end."

But Brian lifted her in his arms and pressed her to his breast; the more love calls to love the greater is the answer. Then Queen Aevil and all her Court, followed Brian who carried Blana. The Fairies all waked on tiptoe and they shook and quivered as they walked. But there was Fate on them they must see it out.

Then Brian, with the gentleness a mother shows to her first-born child, rested Blana with her back against an oak; he was a lordly, noble, gallant warrior, she was lame, and blind and her face all marred. But he sat at her feet and the light of great love, and pity; which is the heart of all love, was in his eyes, and in the song which he sang to cheer her, and this was his song.

More beautiful than the disk of the sun
Is your face to me, Allana.

Fairer than the blue waters
Are your sweet dear eyes, Allana.
You are my bride, and my dear helpless child,
And all the round world to me, Allana.

Then all the lesser gods and the Sidhe saw that it was the heart of Blana that Brian loved. And they screamed, and cast away their crowns of hawthorn berries, and elder flowers, and wild roses. For what was in Blana's heart they knew they could never take away. And they fled screeching and screaming and lamenting, like a flock of starlings. But out of the shadows stepped a darker shadow, he was no Fairy, no lesser god. There were three eyes to him, one closed in the centre of his forehead, could wither the world, did he but raise the lid. Two eyes shot dark rays beneath his black brows, he held three slender darts in his hand, his face was as white as leprosy, and as cold as the old snow on the summit of the highest hills that never melts. He was Balor Beman, Balor-of-the-mighty-blows, King of Death, one of the Great Gods. He had the crown of domination round his head. He laughed, and his sniggering laugh was like the "twit-twit" of flames that consume the body of one we love, like the croak of a raven settling on a slain soldier, like the breaking of the harp string that makes the music mute.

"Love is a strange disease" he said, and tittered, "so I will cure it. The lesser gods ha! ahh!! gods!! and powerless. Well, Blana, the light of your eyes has faded. But the light of your heart has blinded Brian; now the fire I will quench. Poor feeble love, one touch of my finger and where are you?"

Then he reached out a clay-white finger talonned like a monster owl, and touched Blana's heart, and its light was quenched and she became very still. Now Brian had finished his song, and he looked up, and saw that all was over. And with a loud piercing, exceeding bitter cry, he drew his sharp well-polished sword, preparing to throw himself upon it, and he said: "Oh Blana, fair flower, and

bright love, have you gone to Tir-nan-Oge (the land of Eternal Youth) before me? Then I will quickly follow."

Then Balor took to himself a human form, and caught Brian by the arm, "Are you mad, young hero?" he cried "to die for that blind, withered, lame, crone. Just look at her, she is worse than carrion."

But Brian snatched his arm and sword away saying: "It is you that are both mad and blind, she is the most beautiful girl on the ridge of the world. The sun and moon that ride aloft beholding all things, have never seen her match in any country."

But as Brian prepared again to fall on the sword blade, Balor faded back hastily into the shadows, for he perceived there was one there greater than himself. And a Light stepped out of the sun-rays, he was Angus Oge, son of the Ever Young, the Dagda Mor, whose name is the Great Good God. And Love spoke to Death, but Brian saw no forms or faces, only a Brightness and a Shadow, none the less he heard a voice and words. "Behold oh Death," Said Angus, "how in a form of clay, a power lives greater than yours, oh destroyer of Worlds. Life you can end but Love is beyond you, as the morning star is above the fading dark. I charge you, I who am the greater Lord, give back the woman." And Death sighed and departed, and Blana awoke.

Then Angus gave her sight, and suppleness of limb again, waving His hand over her, and laughing said: "Shall I make her face fair as it was, oh Brian?" And Brian answered "Mighty Lord, who conquers death, weakness, and darkness, you can do all things. But how can you make Blana fair again? She is, and always was, the most beautiful of women".

Then Angus Oge laughed long and loud, and His laughter was like the wind in spring fluttering the new green leaves with the sun on them. And he said: "I cannot

make her more beautiful to you, Brian, for you have seen the beauty of her heart. But what the lesser gods took I will restore."

And Blana was as fair as a flower; and in her eyes love shone. Then Angus Oge took them both by the hands and led them into His own green land, Moy Elga, of which it is written—

Back of the world there is hid
Moy Elga, the land of the Blessed.
Where the strife both of tongues and of swords,
Is over for ever and ever.
Where beauty and strength hand in hand
Walk free 'neath the smile of The Being.
There age, death, or sickness come never.

So Brian and Blana live on and on and change comes not to them, for their love has lifted them to the Immortal Gods. And those who love as they loved shall triumph over all the lesser gods and put Death beneath their feet. And live ever with Brian and Blana crowned with love and joy, and wrapped about with Immortality.

A HYMN TO ANGUS OGE

Change rules the World, for it must range
For ever, between change and change.
Death brings all living to their end
He draws a veil 'twixt friend and friend.
Love tramples under foot each woe
And Death himself can overthrow.
Hail Angus! Joy of every heart
Your hands can tear Death's bail apart.

Author's Notes on Blana.

ANGUS OGE, was the Celtic god of love, his name means Angus, the Ever young.

BREGIA, is the land on each side of the Boyne, and watered by it.

BLANA (Simplified from its elaborate Gaelic spelling) means sweet flower,

MOY ELGA AND TIR-NAN-OGE mean, respectively, The Exalted or Noble Plain, and the Land of the Young, they are the Celtic Elysium.

THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

BY DR. A. R. PODUVAL

FROM the 'College Girl' of a few years ago, to the 'Woman of to-day', it is not a far cry. One can easily watch the process of artificial incubation by which the latter was evolved from the former. The growth of tissues under the peculiar conditions of our educational temperature and pressure, the gradual unfolding of a 'hot-house,' intelligence and the hitherto unsuspected presence of a peculiar Psychology as determined by the conditions of growth are also remarkably clear. It just wants to touch of a bogus philosophy to turn them completely into the type that we have been so long anticipating-'the intermediate sex' of Edward Carpenter'.

Carpenter's 'intermediate sex' however, was of a more active and turbulent type, with a strong flavour of the 'Suffragette', and whom education had invested with the idea that she was much stronger than 'woman' with all her privileges, and none of her proverbial weaknesses. Her effeminacy dwindled while her spirit of adventure pushed her more and more into the front line of life. She might even grow a square and decisive chin, posses a clear and logical brain, and might be mistaken for a man in her work-a-day costume. She is therefore different from the products of education we are familiar with, who have more the appearance of made-up patterns exhibited under an iridiscent bell-jar.

Neverthless, there is hardly a doubt, that we have been evolving during the last fifty years and more a type of woman, somewhat different from what we have been accustomed to, more fragile, more conventional, and more inclined to assert herself along cerain lines. A few unsympathetic members of her own tribe and some men have called her "a fancy product", on the plea that the education that she has been receiving has not been of much use to her in her capacity of a wife and mother. As is wellknown,

"Kolokol", the ever-silent, broken bell of Moscow is the King of Bells. It weighs about 180 tons and was cast, at the orders of Empress Ann in 1733, but cracked in the furnace. It was later turned into a chapel.

THE TEMPLE OF EMERALD BUDDHA

So named because it contains the largest emerald extant carved on a Buddha and standing 18 inches high.

education for a girl in the earlier days was held out as an argument for a higher price in the market of matrimony. The idea is not yet extinct, that a girl who has gone through the school or college grind, and especially if she has procured some alphabetical appendages, as a flourish after her name, is pre-eminently suited to be wooed and wedded, and kept for domestic purposes at home. In what way, an academical training of the kind that they procure, fits them to become "queens" in their 'homes' is not yet clear. If costly habits, an unsocial sociableness, an utter ignorance of the duties of motherhood, depraved health, and a tendency to hysterical manifestations, be claims for that responsible post, most of them certainly have these qualities in a marked degree. If on the other hand, a sturdy common sense, and some tactfulness to manage affairs at home be the criterion, we have either to trust to innate native characteristics, uneffaced by education, or some new revelation to make them fit to sit on the domestic throne.

With few exceptions, the incubated college girl is found wanting in the qualities that make for domestic felicity or elegance, when she grows into the dimensions of a woman. Neither Shakespearean philosophy nor the non-detailed texts have been known to teach her how to endure the tooth-ache patiently. In other words, her functions as a woman, are not at all lightened, nor facilitated by school or college training. So that unless she makes up her mind to devote her life's activities to the pursuit of some profession, in which the sex does not get a chance to thrust itself too much on her notice, she would make a very indifferent figure.

Many young men seem to know this—for the marriage rate among the educated classes seems to be steadily going down. Thirty or forty years ago there was no marriage problem in Kerala. To-day, there are hundreds of young women waiting to be reaped by proper husbandmen, who hardly dare to step into the field of matrimony for the risk and expense that it involves There is, indeed a seasonal crop, just at the beginning of the monsoon, but this is nothing

when compared to the abundance waiting to be harvested. The fact of the matter is, that every young girl, who happens to go through the educational mill, gets extravagant notions of her qualities, whether she be a finished or an unfinished product. She thinks she has a reasonable claim on any decent young man who has at least an automobile or is capable of getting one in due course. And most young men know that those luxuries that would keep an educated girl "prim and proper" according to her ideas of comfort and elegance are highly hypothetical. The result is, that although most girls would love to get married, and all their parents would earnestly pray for the event, certain material incompatibilities crop up to prevent it or prolong it for a considerable time. That is why we have so many old maids, waiting in our society, like the fire-brigade—always ready, seldom wanted.

Even the Glamour of Education, as a necessary set off to exhibit a girl to the best advantage has, by the frequency of it, ceased to act as a bait to prospective young men. Some very tactful mothers have even tried to bait the fishing tackle with 'brains'. Young men are seen to hover about cautiously, making tentative attempts to snap at the bait, but they invariably show great reluctance to swallow the hook. They do not obviously like to dance to the educated tune, with that hook sticking uncomfortably in the throat.

That brings us, inevitably to the next alternative, of finding work for the enormous crowds of girl graduates, under-graduates, and the less lucky sort, who are hatched out of the schools and colleges at the rate of nineteen to the dozen. The highest sphere in which a woman can function from a biological stand point, becoming problematical, it would certainly be an act of grace if we could engage them in other capacities, and thus enable them to find an outlet for the residual energy after the educational course. Luckily for them, and perhaps more luckily for us, the trend of education has been to impress them with notions of the importance of civilised stomachs and decent wardrobes, so that most of them take to jobs as naturally as ducks take

to water. The largest percentage among them become recruits in the same department where they served as novices and apprentices, set themselves to the same old process of teaching and thus in a way try to pay off old scores. Others drift into different channels of activity and prove their worth as best as they can.

The educational authorities are to be congratulated, that in their scheme, they have found quite a number of openings for raw young women, without seriously compromising their efficiency or their ideals in teaching. A man of my age, for example, thirty years after his graduation, will find it a tantalising business to put ideas into the souls of youngsters, who worry you with questions that you find hard to answer and fit into the child's brain. It is clear therefore, that these youg mistresses are invested with some special capacity for instruction. It may be that a secret source of such knowledge is let out on such occasions, or perhaps circumstances evoke powers unthought of ; or what is more likely, there is something happily combining in them to fit them for their business. If a baby is not the fittest type of individual to teach a baby, it is only rational to suppose that the next fittest is one who is least removed from a baby, in qualities of experience and mental equipment.

I suppose, I am right in saying that educated women are getting equipped with materials by which they hope to sit side by side with us in all departments of activity, and present to a sceptic world the phenomenon of "mistaken personality". She is coming on to the Tennysonian conception of herself, "The woman be more of man"; but man is halting, and hesitates to become 'more of woman'. The only difference is, that whereas the idea of the Poet in educating a woman is to make the way for "great bridals chaste and calm" and to knit a woman to a man 'like perfect music unto noble words', her tendency is to place herself in active competition with man for all the covetable fruits of the world.

In Kerala, at any rate the challenge between the sexes is still only a distant possibility, for the education for them,

set on the same scale as for the more robust man, is accomplishing that work of enervation, which we ourselves may not in cold blood dare to undertake. For as my readers may have themselves noticed, the modern educated woman of Kerala has lost much in physical grace, and mental brilliancy compared with her mother and grandmother before her. The effect of education has not been altogether favourable to her perfect development. She has been manipulated to subserve a certain standard, with only a difference in the coating—like a motor-car, which for every three gears to the front, have four brakes on the wheels of progress.

Is this mechanical stereo-typed, automaton, going to conduct itself like a machine, till its parts get worn out, to be no longer serviceable? Or have we to calculate on the possibility of her nature being too strong for the materials of her construction? We have heard of 'woman' being entirely the expression of her endocrine glands, more than in the case of the man. We are frankly apprehensive that in these hundreds of individuals in 'single-blessedness', quite a respectable number may not be able to 'control their blood' nor remain satisfied 'singing cold hymns beneath an icy moon'. The question is, have we to discover a new code of morality for them, or will they find one for themselves, when they wax in numbers and in independence? For as we all know, women in Europe have had to go through some such phase, in their social adjustment; And as our women go through about the same kind of training, under the same notion of culture and civilisation, it may not be very strange if we expect similar results, as a consequence of similar methods of practice. Such an eventuality may be distant enough, but surely quite within the region of possibility and one to be reckoned with.

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STORY TELLING

BY K. T. KRISHNASWAMI AIYANGAR, M. A.

"Not only I
But all your dozen of nurslings cry,
What did the other children do ?
And what were childhood, wanting you ?"

IT is a dark and rainy evening. The winds howl, lightnings flash and thunders rattle. Indra is sharpening his sword and smiting the demon clouds with his might! What better relief for the frightened youngsters of the home than a good, long, old story ?

"Grandmother is going to tell an interesting story to-night. Who is coming to hear ?"

"I", says one. 'No ! I,' says another. M ! .... M !............*weeping*.. 'I alone', says a third. The children come running to this kinder guardian of the night, the silly wiper of their simulated tears, the silent listener to their foolish stories, the zealous upholder of their imaginary privileges, this stout champion of their losing causes. There is competition for the best and most comfortable place. Pushing and tossing, arguing and quarrelling, weeping and complaining are soon settled. 'You, eldest and heaviest, sit on the mat. You, next, sit by my side. You, my precious eyes !–(lifting and kissing Kunju, the baby-girl)–sit on my lap.! The moon also has quietly perched on the tamarind tree in the street stealthily to listen to the grandmother's story.

'You will all listen closely. Not like Tiny, the schoolboy.'

'Who is Tiny, grandmother ? Pray do tell about him first.'

'Well, there was once a playful little fellow, Tiny by name, not at all of the regular, studious sort but wonderfully ready-witted. *Komalai!* the schoolboys called him at times. One day, he was at school. It was the lesson time

and the teacher was having a full go at his story. All the school fellows were listening with rapt attention, except Tiny, who was sitting away from his teacher behind a few grown-up boys. The lesson was finishing. But Tiny's eyes were all on a timid rat which was slowly creeping into a hole as if in great fright—at the teacher's ramping talk perhaps. The rat went in and in and further in. There was only its......its.......yes! pointed tail sticking out. And the lesson came to a close. 'Now, boys!' said the teacher, 'Has all got in?'. 'Yes' answered Tiny, without any hesitation. 'Everything except the tail'

'What do you understand by the story?' 'Everything except the tail,' answered Bala. 'Well! You can't be looking at the tail of a rat and at the same time catch the tail of a lesson or story. Well! All eyes and ears on the story then!

'What story shall I tell you?—the story of the Moon—the Fly that forgot its name—a story from Tenali-Raman—what?' 'No! Some other story, fairy-like, Patti!' 'Yes, I shall tell you of Jayasinga the Unlucky.'

On condition they are all to say, yes!, yes! the grandmother's story begins.

Once upon a time, long long ago, in Alagapuri—Alagapuri they rightly called it—there reigned in great prosperity a noble king who had a good and able minister, precious as the eyes to the King. The King had a brave and handsome son, Jayasinga by name and the minister a wise and witty son Gnanasuran. The two lads grew up together as boys of the same household.

'Like *us*, Patti?' 'Yes even so be it'

One fine morning, Jayasinga's heart felt the prick of the season and his fingers were itching for the stretching of the bow. And they planned a hunt and set out on their horses.—

Kunju is getting restless and does not understand this story business for a moment, but soon discovers that from the grandmother's mouth issues all this wordy mischief

which keeps her brothers in thrall. With her tender fingers she assiduously closes the tell-tale lips and exults over her triumph; while the boys join in the fun of Kunju and make the old dame mumble certain words with her lips just like a little child. Kunju too is now satisfied and suffers the tale to proceed.

They get on their horses and set off. But just then a black kite squeeled and whirled over their heads round and round as if in heart-felt disapproval of their venture. Other such ill-omened signs there were besides. Gnanasuran tried to stop the prince quoting many a text from his Lore of Luck.

Now the eldest boy turns her face towards him and says, 'Patti, look! now I understand why the teacher beat me this morning for not repeating the lesson. It was all bad luck, was it not?—the result of an evil omen?' 'Ah! listen my dear ones. At this rate the story will never end' Bala gives a gentle slap on Ratnam's back as though Ratnam was responsible for the interruption. And they both agree to listen.

No! the heedless young prince would go on. So they go on and on, going and going, till at last at the sunset hour they enter a dark and gloomy forest—

"What! do you listen little fellows?" "Yes, Yes." "Ah! the little one is asleep. She must go to her mother." The grandmother takes Kunju, leaves her with the mother and returns.

Yes, they go through the dense forest and in the middle of the forest there is a lotus tank covered with lotuses of all kinds and colours.

Another falls off to sleep.

" Do you follow my dear ones? Eh!" 'No matter about Ratnam. I am listening' says the eldest. 'Right! But what's the story? Let me see!'. 'Kunju went to mother and...and....' "What! What! Kunju....?' 'Wait Patti,' Wait. I know it....it is all in my mind....There is a big forest, is there not? And....and....' (scratching the head and yawning) 'You are a nice story-listener. Here.' She recapitulates the story and proceeds.

And in the middle of the tank there is a fine broad lotus bright and attractive like the full moon. Jayasinga watns to pluck it. His wise companion stands in the way. (The eldest boy also falls asleep but the grandmother lost in the story, goes on) *The prince is lost to reason. Gnanasuran heaves and sighs. Jayasinga alights from his horse, strips off his royal robes, goes down the steps of the tank and gets into the water. Ah !*

She heaves and sighs and opens her eyes as if awakened from a dream. Leaving the prince to his sad fate, she leads the eldest by the hand, 'What! you also asleep! Ah! the poor ones are very tired. The fool of a schoolmaster makes the children play and the little rogues of the village entice them away to jump and run in the dust and the heat. Then feeling the second boy also by the hand, 'Ratnam is bone and skin. Kanaki of the next house, whom jealousy and envy eat up, has cast evil eye upon the poor little one. Should Ratnam have to pay for the ugliness of Moosu, her little imp ? Something must be done to take off the evil eye.'

Now plans and schemes for the children's marriages before she 'lays her head down once for all' set her mind seething. Not content with the suzerainty over her grown-up son and his grown-up wife, she would like to receive prostrations from her grandchildren and their little baby-wives also. 'Look at the plantain stalk!' She would say, if questioned. She is a bundle of pure affection and harmless pride.

The grandmother's hard day's work is done—of looking after the children and telling them stories and also of jealousy pruning away mother-in-law-like all youthful innovations and freaks of her yester-day-sprung daughter-in-law. She prepares herself now for rest, hums a religious tune to herself as if to please some baby within her and recites a verse or two from a *Stotrapata* and with the pious ejaculations, Oh! Goddess Lakshmi! Oh! Mother Earth! Oh! Krishna, Dwaraka-dweller! off she goes to sleep in an instant as if sleep is a cloth she can draw over and cover herself with at will.

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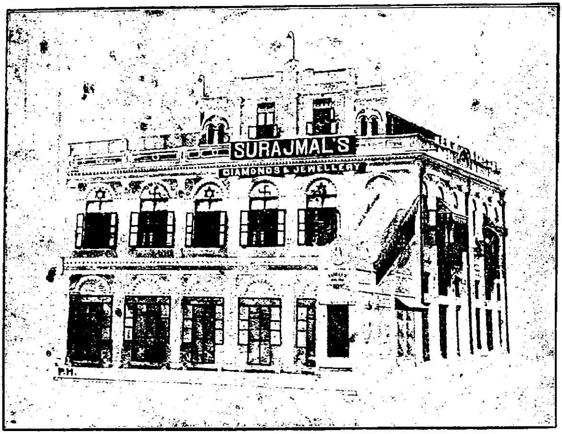

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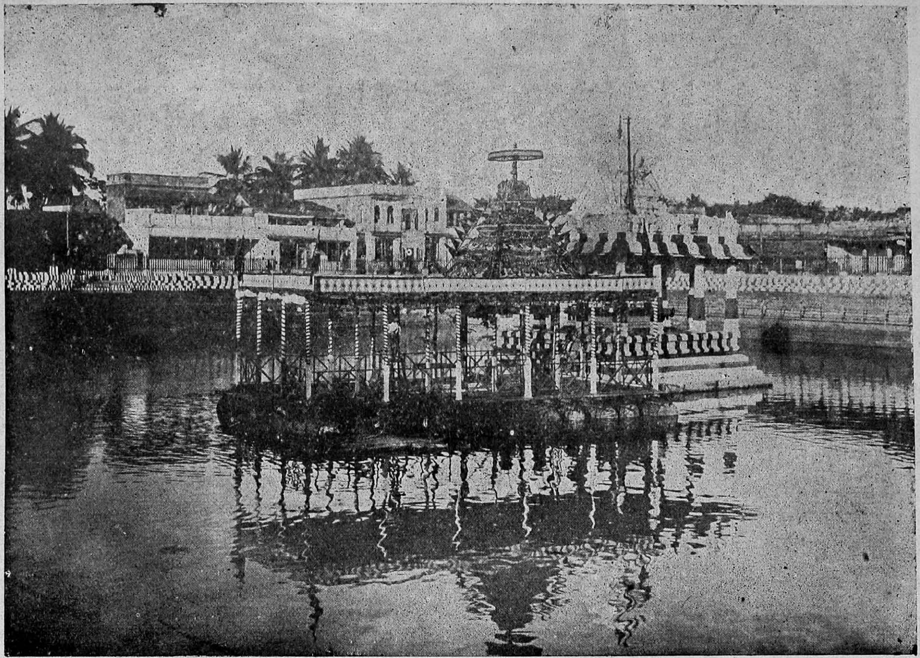

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ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY

BY C. V. HANUMANTHA RAO, M. A. F. R. E. S., B. ED.

WHAT is really at the bottom of our fight for self-government of a democratic type? This question is apt to be answered in different ways, but the truth of the matter is that we are goaded in the demand we make for freedom by the urge of economic necessity. If the people have sufficient to eat, if the bare necessities of their existence are provided for beyond anxiety, then it is very doubtful if there is any force which can sustain the animation of a restless life of agitation. But the inexorable law of nature is based upon the existence and continuance of the system of inequalities, and inequalities engender discontent. The tendency to possess, the desire to own, is a human desire of a very natural character and of irresistable strength; and discontent finds a fertile source of encouragement in an arrangement wherein the few possess the good things of the world and the many are constrained to live a life of want, if not of actual privation.

Was there ever a stronger or a more potent bond which made people to hold together in unassailable ties of friendship and unanimous action as the economic bond, which becomes still more tight when apprehension gains ground? Man, from the very bignning of time, has exhibited extraordinay tenacity in defence of his possessions and the apprehension of ejection from a favoured position results in the manifestation of his powers of resistence which otherwise would lie dormant. If the present struggle that is going on between Labour and Capital, between the "haves" and "have-nots" has been sustained through all these years, it has to be attributed to the pertinacity of the protagonists of either interest not to yield to the opponent. But organised attempts at bettering one's own position, especially when supported by strong economic motives and a sense of economic injustice, cannot be frustrated for long.

Political power, throughout the ages, has depended upon economic power; but economic power will have to be won as a sequel to political strength. The classes or the landed interests held the reins of power and control of the Government till about the middle of the 19th century because they had their wealth and possessions to back them up; but, since then, other parties have come into existence, as for example, the Labour Party in England, which by the slow assimilation of political power have accelerated the process of bettering the economic and social status of the workers. But neither of these consummations has been achieved without a struggle and their success shows how a determined resistence of any organised body of resolute men cannot for ever be neglected or ignored without an endeavour at appeasement.

Another standpoint from which this desire for economic strength can be studied is to be found in the lust for conquest. History is replete with instances of Empires having been carved for purposes of economic advantage and Empires having been dismembered in defence of economic independence. The Roman Empire was based on an economic formula and its breaking up was equally the result of economic forces operating within and without the city of Rome. The American and the French Revolutions are both the outcome of economic causes, the first being the result of the resistence on the part of the Colonies of British encroachment into their cherished privileges of not being taxed without being consulted and the second due to the exasperation felt by the downtrodden French millions at the closely-guarded privileges of the Nobility and the Monarchy. Even so can the economic motive be traced in almost every attempt at Empire-building and Empire expansion and the struggle put up by every exploited Nation and community to emancipate themselves from the thraldom imposed by others. The omniverous earth-hunger of the Nations has been primarily responsible for so much of human misery and unhappiness; and it has not lost any of its force even in the 20th century, in the first two decades of which we witnessed a most stupendous

manifestation of that devilish tendency in man in the Great War. It is the same principle that leads to the conflict between the classes and the masses today. The result of the domination of one class over another will provoke a powerful reaction against that domination intensified by the economic urge of the person or persons reacting. Is it to the benefit of either that this reaction should be of a violent nature and, therefore, positively harmful to both in consequence? Every right-thinking man will agree that there is no use in prolonging a conflict beyond a certain point, and much avoidable bad blood will be saved if concessions which are inevitable are gracefully conceded in time.

The present-day State is assuming more and more the complexion of an industrial State and political programmes or policies are coming to occupy a subordinate position. It gives more attention to reforms designed to effectuate a better economic order than to experiments in Constitution-making. It is significant of the trend of the times that instead of the old division of parliamentary parties on political lines, we have now parties organised either on purely economic lines or on politico-economic considerations, the reason being that the differences between them are not due so much to political grievances as to economic inequalities. Most of these parties have the ideal of ushering in an Economic Democracy before them; and if some of them are not so radical or revolutionary in the carrying out of their plans and the achievement of their ends as others it is due only to the differences in temperaments and not to lack of enthusiasm for the ideal or the objective in view.

In these days when the atmosphere is thick with laudatory references to high ideals, like Internationalism and Universal Brotherhood, it will be a travesty of professions if the differences in social statuses and economic positions are allowed to have a predominating voice in the determination of human relationships. It will be a mockery to emphasise and repeat the slogans of brotherhood and equality on the one hand and on the other to do everything to perpetuate those very differences and inequalities which prevent these ennobling ideals from being realised. If every

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member of society has his conscience developed to such a degree of perfection as to become keenly alive to the fact that every other member, in whatever sphere of activity he may be engaged, is contributing something towards the well-being of society and advancement of the social ideal, then a right understanding of human values, a correct perspective of human brotherhood, will be induced. Till now we have been generally enslaved to curious conceptions of the dignity attaching to different kinds of labour, conceptions based upon an incorrect apprehension of the time spirit and the hollowness of the time-honoured theories about the foundations of social divisions. But the growth of the spirit of human brotherhood is a potent force in shattering these ideas and in helping to produce a better-ordered social structure ; and though the consummation of such an ideal is hidden in the folds of the dim and distant future, its unmistakable existence cannot but give hopes to idealists to cherish its glory.

From what has been stated above, it is clear that the term ' Economic Democracy ' implies a condition of affairs, where everyone is entitled to have a fair return for his labour, where the fruits of one's labour are not enjoyed by another, where the dignity attaching to any kind of human labour does not go unrecognised and where, in short, everything is encouraged and promoted which makes for evenness of opportunities and equitableness of remuneration. Economic Democracy is not a mere dry formula ; it is, on the other hand, a spiritual ideal, an ideal of justice and fairplay. Only when the world moves along this path and sufficiently too along it, will it become possible for the virtues of Political Democracy to be fully appreciated and its privileges to be adequately valued. It is an ideal for the achievement of which Nations as well as individuals should strive ; for Nations as well as individuals—perhaps Nations more than individuals—are prone to be captivated by this evil desire to perpetrate economic wrongs against other Nations.

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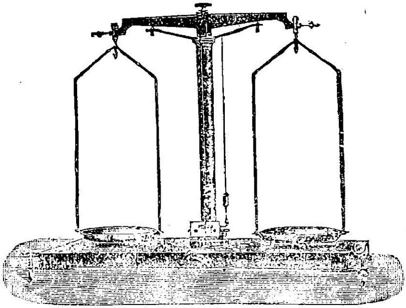

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INDIAN MUSIC—ITS DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS

BY P. SAMBAMOORTHY, B.A., B.L.

THE Oriental music and the European music are the two great systems of music in the world. They have developed along distinct lines. The one is as great as the other. European music is a single musical system with but minor differentiations here and there due to notional temperament. The Oriental music comprises a few sub-systems underlying all of which is a basic unity. Indian music is the finest representative and the most highly developed and outstanding of the Oriental system. The difference between the two great systems of music might be summed up in the statement that ***harmony*** is the dominant feature of Western music and ***melody*** is the dominant feature of Oriental music. Harmony is the *simultaneous* combination of consonant or relative sounds. It is this simultaneous sounding of two or more swaras that leaves the impression in an Indian's mind that Western music is a confusion of sounds, when heard for the first time. For he is always accustomed to hear only melodic music, wherein series of single sounds are sounded in succession. After some practice, however, the Indian will be able to discover in Western music, the basic melody apart from the harmony accompaniment. Therefore while in Indian music, melody is played pure and unadorned, in the West it is always played to the accompaniment of harmony. Thus we hear frequently of simple old melodies being chosen and harmonised in the West. A few centuries back all European music was only melodic and the introduction of harmony is a later development. Now, why did not the builders of the Indian system develop the music along the lines of harmony? Was the idea of harmony unknown to them? No. They had knowledge of the principles of consonance (samaditva) and the laws of harmony. Their knowledge of acoustics was also profound. The existence and

use of such terms as : Vadi, Samvadi, Vivadi, Anuravana and Swayambhu swaras bear out this very well. They deliberately chose to develop the music along the lines of melody and we are richer to-day on that account. The extensive raga-system which is a unique feature of Indian music could not have been evolved, if the music tended to develop along the lines of harmony.

Melody appealed more to the spiritually inclined Indian than harmony. There are sevearl features of Indian music which more than adequately compensate for this absence of harmony, from the European's stand-point. The Westerner will ere long discover that in Indian music there lies a branch of musical art altogether unknown in the West.

The distinctive characteristics of Indian music are :—

1. The Raga system to which reference has just been made. There are the 72 Primary scales (Melakarta ragas) and a countless number of derivative scales (Janya-ragas). Each raga expresses a particular mood and is calculated to arouse a particular feeling in us. Ragas like the Mayamalavagaula, Bhakravaka, Varali and Simhendramadhyama are altogether unfamiliar to the Western ear.

2. The sounding of notes with Gamakas. Gamakas are the various graces and embellishments and are the life and soul of Indian music. Given a musical passage in the Sankarabharana raga (which is nearly the same as the major scale of the West) the westerner will sing the notes in a pure unadorned way. But the Indian musician will sing the notes with the appropriate gamakas and give flesh and blood to the music.

3. In addition to the ordinary 12 notes of the octave, notes of the following frequencies are also used in the different ragas :-

256/243	Ri	and	10/9 Ri
32/27	Ga	and	81/64 Ga
27/20	Ma	and	64/45 Ma
128/81	Dha	and	27/16 Dha
16/9	Ni	and	243/128 Ni.

4. The several varieties of talas or time-measures. The seven main talas branching off into 35 varieties by the Jati bhedas. and these again giving rise to 175 varieties by the Jati bhedas. In addition to these the 108 talas and other talas used in folk-music.

5. *Manodharma Sangita* or creative music is really the glory of our system of music. A wide scope is afforded to the Indian musician to display his creative skill. Apart from reproducing the compositions of the great composers, an Indian musician in every concert takes at least a third part of the time allotted to him to show his *Manodharma Gnana.* This extempore creative music takes four shapes:—

a) Raga alapana
b) Tara or madhyamakala
c) Pallavi
d) Swaram-singing.

Unlike western music, every Indian musician is a creator himself.

Some enthusiasts particularly in Northern India have been suggesting that the compositions of the great Indian composers might be harmonised. They forget the several difficulties in the way of harmonising Indian songs. Firstly, the Indian scale is not based upon equal temperament. That is the reason why when Indian songs are rendered on tempered instruments like the harmonium, the effect is far from pleasing. Secondly, songs are composed in particular ragas and in the harmonising process several notes foreign to the ragas will have to come, which are bound to jar in our ears as *apaswaras* (wrong notes). The presence of quarter-tones and subtle srutis and the use of peculiar gamakas present a third difficulty in this direction. Perhaps some simple songs in the Sankarabharana raga like "Pahi Ramachandra" of Tyagaraja might be harmonised with profit.

Melodic orchestration however is a distinct possibility and affords a rich field in which experiments should be carried on with success.

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A Brahmin Priest's Yarns

Catching Thieves in a Madras Village

BY P. R. KRISHNASWAMI, M. A.

ORDINARILY speaking there is little to attract me to a priest. I am probably apt to avoid him, he is to me the obnoxious symbol of orthodoxy while I wish to stand for heterodoxy. There are occasions when I propitiate him with adequate presents of money, that he may not bring my name into disrepute and threaten me with social ostracism, for my disregard of what are regarded as religious duties. Normally however, I have no love for the priest. He is the harbinger of the ancient world, of superstitious custom, wearisome ritual and hypocritical pomposity.

Doraiswami Aiyangar who enjoys an extensive clientele in the city has lately become my intimate acquaintance. He is a tall and sturdy man, and popular with his employers for a quick despatch of business. He strews his speech with a great frequency of English words. As I was loitering on the platform of the Guntakal railway station he made his appearance before me. I probably shrank for a moment involuntarily in his presence. I was conscious of the un-Brahminical clothes on my person, my khaki shorts which I have come to wear regularly for convenience, English shoes, khaki hose, glad-neck shirt and coat, and a blank face with no trace of the caste-mark. Before me was the priest naked entirely above his waist and fresh thick paint of the castemark on his face. He had with him two very large bundles, one covered in a gunny bag and another in a cotton cloth of his personal wear. The priest and I were on common ground in that we were travelling on third class tickets. Yet we parted fram each other after a few words of greeting.

After the train arrived, I got into quite comfortable accommodation in a third class compartment, thanks chiefly to my clothes which help me to be taken for a police officer.

My poor priest with his large bundles trotted up and down the platform, and after making himself unwelcome to a number of compartments, came to me finally. I was able to show him room which he occupied, though not without being jeered at by some of the passengers for his huge bundles.

Charles Lamb has written of the pleasures of witnessing a play from the gallery. One can write similarly of the pleasures of third-class travelling. In the course of the journey I asked the priest all the details about himself, his native village, and the length of time he has been in the profession. Then I remarked his attempts to secure a little bag of rupees in the folds of his *veshti* about his waist. Could he not keep a box and spare himself this worry of keeping the rupees about his waist? This struck a spring in his speech. He said it was a blessing to keep money as he did, for once he was able to save it in that form from thieves. He proceedeed to give me his first story of adventures with thieves.

His village lay somewhere near the railway station of Villupuram. On a drak night, quite in the middle of it, he and a companion of his, got down from the railway train, with bundles in their hands. I can infer the probable size of the bundles from the specimens I saw at Guntakal station; or rather the size may have been larger than now, for my priest who is now sixty and going strong, was only thirty and very much stronger at the time of the story. They had gone a mile walking, and the village was still three miles afar off, when the two Brahmins were suddenly beaten with sticks about their calf muscles, and two blackguards stood before them demanding of them to halt and deliver on pain of further severe blows. My priest became all submission immediately and tendered his bundle and asked his companion to do similarly. While the men were about his companion, my priest flung away his little packet of rupees at his waist in a particular pointed direction, that he might pick them up in the morning after the night's adventure was over. The robbers were presently stooping

over the bundles, when my resourceful priest with his companion turned the tables against them by wresting the clubs from their hands and belabouring them hard. Now it was the turn of the robbers to ask for quarter. The Brahmins promised mercy, but now the miscreants should carry for them the bundles to the village. So by strange chance the men who went to rob became the gratuitous porters for the Brahmins over three miles of hard walking in the dark to the village. After reaching home my priest betrayed no undue softening towards the criminals, for he examined their faces in lamp-light, and after assuring himself of their identity, for they were found to be after all of the same village, handed them for custody to the village headman, to be proceeded against for molesting peaceful subjects of His Majesty, and robbing them on the highway. The felons were duly sentenced, and my priest got his first reward from the Government, for apprehending criminals.

This led to a second story, in which my priest had even improved in his capacity as thief-catcher. This second opportunity occurred in his house. The little crowbar of the burglar was going against the wall of his room, dig, dig, dig. Some loose earth inside the room was dropping in response. Were the bandicoots at work, thought the priest. The noise continued and the priest resolved to light a lamp, but he waited meanwhile to note what was happening. There was a box against the wall and the burglar, thrusting his arm through the hole he had made, felt it. He whispered to his companion, "Seems like a box here". My priest heard the words and was in no doubt about the burglars being at the place. He lost no time in picking up a rod to give a blow to the burglar's arm inside the room. He caught it and pulled it up, to the excruciating pain of the burglar. Then it was time for raising alarm and bidding others to fetch lights and secure the burglar outside, till which he would not give up his hold inside. So the second reward came to my priest.

He told me a third episode. It was early morning, when every one would be fastest asleep. My priest got up

and walked to the backyard of his house and beheld in the dark a white sceptre. Men had made a hole in the wall and come in already. For a moment the priest wondered if it could be his own mother; he challenged, getting no reply, became engaged in a terrible duel. He had his full share of blows, but he succeeded finally. So came the third reward. A very piquant part of his narratives is where he mentions the deposition at the trials of his handling of the culprits. He knew he had hurt the poor fellows, but he had no other go, he said, for self-defence required it. He had his third reward, but he felt there was a strange fascination for him in the thieves, and he should protect himself properly. He asked to be permitted to keep a six-chambered revolver, and he kept one. The opportunity again was not wanting, for the exercise of this weapon of self-defence.

Torch-light dacoities are a romance in the history of South Indian crime. The stories told of them are usually blood-curdling. We have heard sometimes of letters previously received by villagers intimating the committing of such dacoities, but often these are merely a hoax played on nervous beings. The tactics in dacoities are well known. Parties of men guard all the sides of a rich man's house they have marked out for plunder. These men are well provided with conveniently sized stones with which they keep up a fusillade against all possible comers for rescue. Now about the occurrence in the priest's village which drew out his last piece of heroism, after which he left the village for good and became a priest in the city.

The wealthy man in the village had received in the afternoon two thousand rupees, paid by a debtor. He had paid the money the same evening to another man who had been waiting for the loan, but this immediate transfer was not outside, while the payment was; and that was the objective precipitating the dacoity on that day. While the front and the back of the house were guarded by a fusillade of stones, the only possibility for the neighbour was to get up on the adjoining roof and send missiles on the robbers, and this was done in some measure. But the thought of my

hero was elsewhere. He had his revolver and he must use it, and use it to advantage. He must catch some of the men by laying them low by his revolver. So he coolly calculated and went, wrapped in a dark blanket, to take his place in the unobserved darkness, on a tree, amidst its branches, directly on the path which the robbers should take on their return. As a thief-catcher, my priest was resourceful, and he was lucky and wise in his calculations. Anyway the robbers passed by the way that the priest had calculated on and he sat there, listening to their words. "Where is he with the box?" "He has gone in advance already." The priest on the tree was like a hunter on a *machan*, waiting for game. He pointed his revolver to the passing men, aiming at below their knees. Click, click, went the instrument, and two men were laid flat. There was talk of carrying them away, but the priest was equal to the situation. "Who talks of lifting them will be first blown down," said the voice from the tree. The robbers had to flee, and it was easy to trace the rest of the gang from the two laid down, though this did not happen till after some time, when bits of a golden chain divided among the robbers were traced in the bazaar, and other stolen property with the robbers were got at. This time the priest was qualified for a larger reward than before.

My third class journey was an enjoyable one. The priest was my benefactor, and my mind was involuntarily filled with a longing to repay my benefactor. It was not enough I should think better of him, and through him of all priests, than before. The reader remembers the two large bundles carried by the priest at Guntakal station. One was full of cocoanuts, betel leaves, nuts and other things. The other was full of rice, pulses and other provisions of food. The Ticket Collector at Basin Bridge was inexorable, about the bundles. He weighed them and they were quite a maund. The priest appealed to me. Luckily we had bought Easter Concession tickets of consecutive numbers and my eloquence with the ticket collector was effective. My own bag came in for less than ten seers, and so I bade farewell to a relieved priest.

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THE SEVEN JOYS OF ARCHAEOLOGY

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES. M. A. (OXON.)

SEVEN are the joys the Digger knows, and in these seven is found the whole scale of human happiness.

First is the *Joy of Discovery*, for from day to day he lives ever on the thrill of the unknown, daily raising the veil of mystery a little higher, daily expecting a miracle to dawn suddenly on his delighted gaze, daily rejoicing in the problems yet calling for solution. Who shall sing of the rapture of the Unknown, revealed to the patient search of Man? Who shall tell in ample manner the joy of seeking, seeking, into the depths of the earth, never knowing from hour to hour what shall come forth to reward his toil?

Surprise reigns in this kingdom, and weariness is ever banished from its frontier. Here the Magician of Alladdin's Cave is guide, and countless unheard-of jewels await the explorer's eager touch. The restlessness of Man in search of wonder and of final Bliss has here its echoes, for the whole can never be revealed, the search for Truth (historic as philosophic) can never be concluded; it is infinite as Man himself, divine.

Our Mother Earth is a gracious and kindly teacher who yields her secrets only to the importunate, one by one, as they can be understood. Here indeed is it true that the Asker receives, the Seeker finds, the Knocker finds the doors unbarred to him, and steady effort takes the Kingdom of Knowledge by storm and violence.

Often and often the season's work is ending, the men being paid, the finds being packed away in boxes for their mighty journey overseas, when by accident, it seems, a workman stumbles on a stone that shows the entry to a treasure-house of yearly days, a chamber that must be cleared and written of before the robber hands of traders break in to defile. Often a month of seeming-fruitless toil

is rewarded suddenly by a blinding piece of evidence which inverts our histories and throws a glaring light on their dark corners.

And who can truly show the joy of anticipation, the feverish expectation, the night before the final door of a shrine of five thousand years ago is opened? Then indeed the Past and Present rush together to the mystic union of the Eternal, as the footprints in the dust of countless centuries are seen again, and almost the hurried secret work of those agelong dead is lived again before us in their silent tracks and broken mealtime pottery. In this thrill of realisation Man knows he is eternal, and in the vision of his long-gone past he sees the oneness of his life on earth. That is the cosmic joy of Godhead, and it is reflected, albeit palely, in the joy of archaeology.

Second of the Digger's joys is the *Joy of Beauty*. Here is the joy of finding long-lost treasures of the artist soul and hand that once delighted the eyes of men and then for ages have slumbered in the earth, covered from the sun. Statuettes of wondrous grace and majesty; gems of delicacy unrivalled in our crass material day; paintings of surprising truth and liveliness portraying the feasts and games, the strifes and tales, the Gods and longings, of our ancient fathers; poems of love and aspiration and of simple happiness in life itself; countless simple curves of beauty in the daily objects of the home, the cups and basins, spoons and mirrors, combs and harps, that constantly dwelt in ancestral hands.

Here too is the joy of restoring a shattered beauty, with adhesive and an infinite patience that builds a thousand chips of pottery, shapeless in themselves, into a glorious vase, or a hundred blocks of broken stone into a statue of some ancient God or King or simple village noble, to gladden the eyes of many who are yet to come. Through his work the Archaeologist enters a full communion with the artist in creation and shares the glory of his achievement.

Here is the joy of defying that old tyrant Time, and of washing away his ruthless marks of destruction, those

heavy lumps of exuded copper salts that hide the graceful from within. It is an endless fight with the enmity of savage Nature to regain the work of Man for the enriching of his distant children of today.

It is the joy of beauty that guides and thrills us as we patiently trace each faded line on some bat-fouled stucco or powdery papyrus and restore the outline of a scene or message long-forgotten in the world, that inspires us to worthy copies and publication of these works of art.

Lastly, the joy of beauty calls us in the magic purple hour that follows sunset, when the shrill crying of the water-wheel is silent, and the fields are left to the perfect meditation of the night, alive only to the periodic clamour of the dogs and to the pulsing memories of the past. Then what glories tenderly and timidly reveal themselves are beyond the power of words to hold or to portray.

The *Joy of Meditation*. For the digger must be a thinker too, one who delves in the recesses of his mind to answer the many problems that his eye propounds. Here is the joy of pure thought, without a physical reward, seeking the meaning of the puzzling contradictions that crowd upon him, and from them weaving with sure and reasoned understanding the garment of history. Here the Scientist sits, quiet in his office, researching in many books of photographs and plans, to unravel the tangle of its broken threads. Before his mind pass countless things unknown to the "outer world", and the swift comprehension of a posture, or a speck of copper dust, or a tiny chip of foreign pottery, flashes before his inner gaze as he reads it in relation to what is known.

This is a joy that only the specialist and scientist can know; it is the joy of mental discovery. In it the man becomes a God as he re-creates the story of what has been.

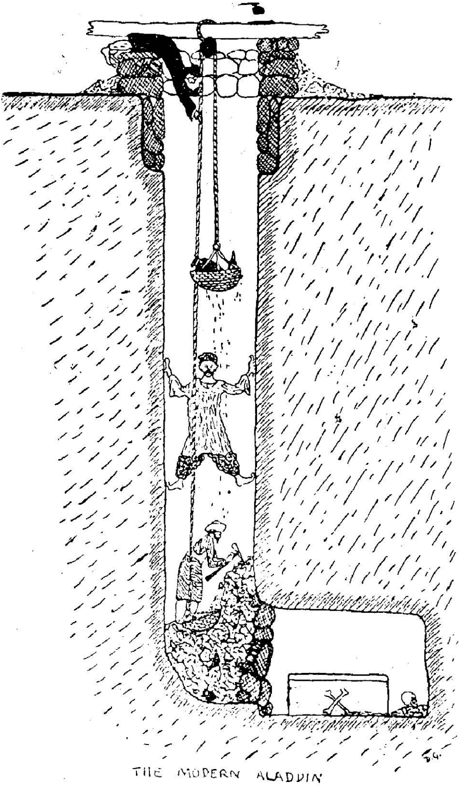
The *Joy of Power* is the subtlest lure of all, disguising itself in many curious forms. It calls the young man to this field of science where there are so few who work that almost anyone can swiftly leap to worldwide prominence.

A lucky find in the course of a season's dig, a share of vast but grateful labour, and the crown of laurel falls upon his head from an ignorant but vaguely adoring public. "How ***wonderful*** it must be to live all your time among the mummies, and all those dreadful things! How can you do it? Don't you fear the magic of those mighty Kings, and haven't you heard how it has killed everyone who went into that terrible tomb of Tut (or whatever his name is)? I think you must be ***very*** brave!" So these dear and motherly old ladies will prattle, gazing open-eyed on the matter-of-fact scientist, and blandly sceptical of his denials of all such superstition. To them he is a hero, because they do not understand, and fear always what is strange to their experience. It is so easy to acquire a reputation by crawling among dusty and lachrymatory corpses of the Roman Age!

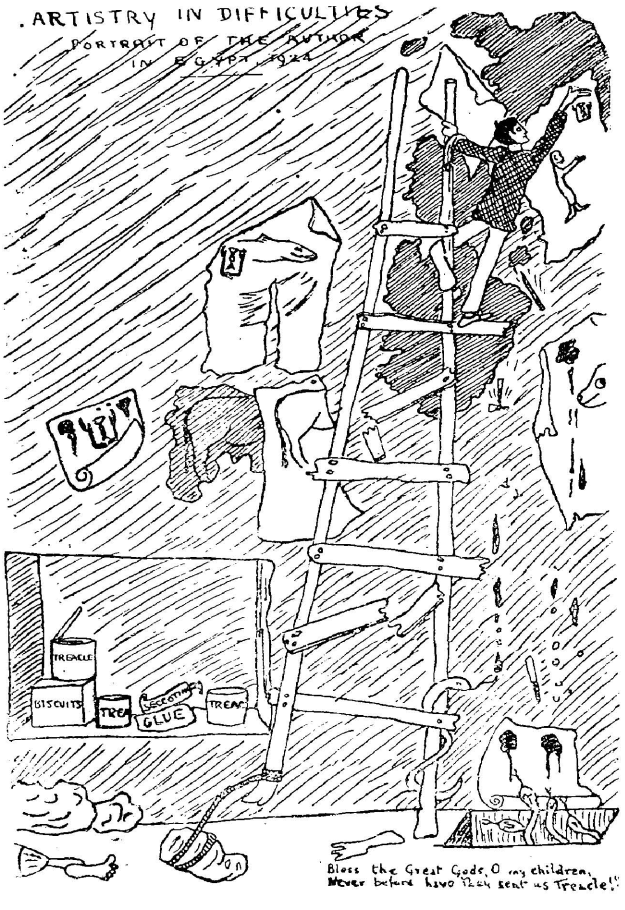
The day of discovery is over, and hordes of weary tourists flock obedient to the barkings of their sheep-dog guide to gape on the latest find of Science. They stare uncomprehending at the temple and murmur. "How wonderful!" They invert the photograph of a statue and exclaim in awe-struck breath, "How beautiful! How *did* they make such lovely things! Mary, dear, just look at that! This kind gentleman tells us it was made five thousand years ago; why, that was before Shakespeare was born! To think of it!" Then they invite the silently amused, but ever-courteous, archaeologist to a tea-party, merry beneath the palms, where, perchance (such is human nature!) he may learn to see a while more beauty in Mary's eyes than in the lapis gems of ancient queens.

It is the victory of social success, the chance of talking freely with heads that, in theory at least, wear the crowns of nations, the chance of meeting the leaders in the world of history, of being a desired and welcome visitor in any home, —is not that a lure to many?

And the sense of power in being the source of knowledge for the world, in knowing that what we do today will be in the journals of the world tomorrow, that is a wine that fires the senses of the young. So is the joy of



THE MODERN ALADDIN



ARTISTRY IN DIFFICULTIES
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR
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TREACLE
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TREA
SECCOTINE
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TREAC
Bless the Great Gods, O my children,
Never before have they sent us Treacle!"

government that gives a lad in student years the rule over the work and lives and hearts of perhaps a hundred men and boys, labouring to his command in the field of excavation. It is indeed a royal life, and swift may be the rewards that often come in it.

But sweeter than these to most is the fifth of joys, the *Companionship* this life can offer. Comradeship with colleagues in the day's hot and dusty toil, companionship in the merry evening hour of bathe and gossip, in the jestful picnic meals at work and on the weakly holiday spent perchance amid the silent rocks of Africa's unrivalled desert, in the quiet and heart-stirring friendship that flows too deep for the ripples of speech,—what joy is fairer than this?

The very isolation of the Camp, try as it may at times the nerves and patiences of all, leads to a richer, a closer, union of hearts, and many a season has ended in a peel of wedding bells, while friendships have been born that endure a generation's parting and a thousand miles between. Those merry days of laughter mingled with romance, closing in the royally tender hues of Egypt's sunset, how they linger in memory, touched by the refining hand of years!

Not little, also, is the comradeship that dawns between the Scientist and his unlettered helpers, as the true and loyal kindliness of villagers working in his camp slowly wears away his prejudice and fancied race-superiority. Happy the man who wins such friends as these, and fills his life with their love, for none is more worthy to be sought in all the world!

The *Joy of Lonliness*. And what a change is here! Sweet as the company of man may be, there is a joy that can be tasted only in his absence, when his voice is silent and his face is hidden. Then in the mighty loneliness of the world, in the solitude of desert or of native forest, next to the very heart of Mother Nature, pillowed on her quiet bosom, Man may draw very close to the Real and the True.

The beauty of the silent valleys, peopled only by the golden sands and rosy rocks of Egypt, visited only by rare

eagles and exploring hawks,—that can never be written down. It is in these valleys alone that Africa whispers her magic words in the heart that, when it once has heard them is never free from soul-hunger save when in Africa. Here where the hurrying villager with his eternal anxiety about the crops will never come, here is peace, and here is the heart of Africa, the oldest of the lands.

Come, those of you who live in selfish, worried, idle, cities! Come apart into these solitudes and rest a while and cure yourselves of that longing ache that is not satisfied in the haunts of men! Here shall you gain strength again for the ceaseless struggle that is life and happiness. The Joy of Loneliness! ....

And last of all our Seven Joys, the *Joy of Merriment!* For endless are the laughs that ring loud at the evening gathering, and blessed is he who, coming to this life, brings with him a goodly bubbling sense of fun. It will not starve.

For strange and quaint are the ways of Archaeologists, as of other men, and even the most famous and respected have mannerisms in Camp that would surprise their London friends. Strange ways of clothing, eating, working,—these appear when first the Camp heaves above the scurrying boat that skims across the Nile. Strange economies that multiply our labour, and wonderful machines that seem ridiculous and prehistoric, yet give most accurate results in the master's hand,—these are the commonplace of good-humoured merriment, and when we grow to understanding endear us to each other. Precious are such memories in after years when the dear "Old Man" is gone to seek the ancient folk with whose belongings he has lived so long.

And while the donkeys bray their pathetic and melodious songs of hopeless love, and flies in speechless tenderness demand the right to kiss our lips and eyes with long and sticky kisses, while pungent mummy-dust stains all our clothes and noses a rich mahogany, and when a week of eager expectation and frenzied work yields as its fruit a broken skull and crumbled bones,—poor and sad indeed is the soul that cannot laugh.

Laughter is the lubricant of worlds; it helps the world to turn around without a creaking or a jerking. Laughter is the foe of revolution, for it dissolves the iron of hardship and fills the soul with hope. Laughter is the son of gods—eternal—because it thrives on wretchedness and moulds it anew to its own enchanting image. He who can laugh holds the fire of heavenly creation in his hand.

The Archaeologist is he who laughs in every hour of the day. He laughs as snakes coil around his shaky ladder, as the elusive tracing-paper slides gracefully away from its position on the wall; he laughs as bats put out his candle in the pitchy cavern a hundred feet within the hill, as dust trickles in his eyes watching the ascending basket in a half-cleared pit; he laughs as the long-stored jam of other years explodes in its tin when the hungry picnickers await the feast, as the patient work of days with chips and seccotine (revealed at last as a huge pot of unique form) is melted to a weary bowing and sitting down again into sticky lumps of sand and seccotine.

Endless are his laughters. And even if at times his laugh may have (for we are human) a secret tinge of scorn, that does not stay, and its room is quickly taken by a deep-seated gratitude for him whose funny ways have made his life so merry and full of friendly joy.

It is a life that rings with laughter, the life of the Archaeologist; it is a life that is rich beyond the common lot of man, rich with the manifold joys of life itself, rich with the company of the Self, and of other folk. It is a happy life indeed.

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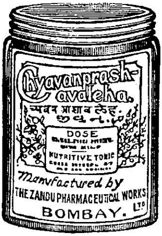

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In Praise of Lady Nicotine

BY K. ISWARA DUTT

IN casting about for a subject to write in the Annual number of *The Scholar,* I have relied on the theory of indulgence in nicotine as an aid to thinking. It was, of course, not a theoretical reliance but a practical experiment. A mood of serious reflection may not be quite helpful to the solution of a problem, and to overcome the sense of oppressiveness incidental to it, I am afraid there is nothing like enjoying a puff. As the very idea tended to make the blood warmer, I took out of my pocket a 'Light of Asia'—what a glorious name!—which I brought the other evening from the seaside restaurant, and applied the match to it.

In the choice of subjects, a journalist's difficulty arises out of their multiplicity, not paucity. As I sat in the easy-chair and took a puff or two, subjects for my lucubration presented themselves as plentifully as the clouds of smoke that emanated from my cigar. The figure of the Earl of Birkenhead flitted across my brain in a flash, suggesting as it were that one more tribute might yet be paid to his coruscating brilliance. But the hundred columns of material I happen to possess on the greatest master of invective since Junius scared me away from reading the ponderous stuff before setting myself to write on him. Then my thoughts dwelt for a moment on the latest toll air has so ruthlessly taken. But is it prudent to scribble something on the titanic explosion of "R-101" which has been the subject of universal comment, and to give room to odious comparisons?

I was thus musing when my friend Mr. R—turned up and cast amusing but slightly reproachful looks on my cigar, whose red disc, I fancied, was mimicking the setting sun. I made him understand that I was not so dense as to miss the meaning of his occular eloquence. Hitherto, he saw me toying with an innocuous cigarette at longish intervals and tolerated my weakness, but last evening when I

affected a pose with an imposing cigar jutting out of my mouth, he assured himself that what at first appeared to be but a casual stroll was fast becoming a deliberate march into "that glittering fairyland of briars and cigar-cutters and patent pouchers and match-boxes and pipe-lighters". A gentle rebuke from one whose Puritanism has not even once been affected by "the seductive cigarette or the opulent cigar or the soothing pipe," is not meant to be taken as an offence. Yesterday my regret was, however, not that he seemed to question my right to smoke, but that he did not himself ask for the "fragrant weed" and forget his worries. It never occurred to him, in his innocence, that smoke would give him the solace he so much needed, and he never knew that Spenser had once grown so ecstatic over it as to sing of the 'divine tobacco'.

I have not been able to understand this die-hard prejudice against tobacco. Why don't people see that like Truth, Tobacco has triumphed at last, and that like the Sun it is universal in its blessings to humanity? Ever since its introduction into Europe towards the close of 1492, it has been described—really denounced—as a pernicious weed and a dangerous herb. In spite of its detractors and enemies, within half a century it was recognised as a miracle of medicinal and prophylactic virtues. It survived the onslaughts of the Church and State, and from Europe it spread rapidly through Turkey and Arabia. We have it on record that it was first introduced in India in the time of Akbar about the year 1600, by a traveller named Asad Bagh who built a fortune by selling large supplies of tobacco and pipes to the nobles and merchants. And to-day, among the tobacco-producing countries of the world, India comes next only to the United States. What should become, I wonder, of the teeming and toiling millions engaged in this occupation, if this article of universal consumption were to disappear, and the world to become an enlarged Colarado?

My friend called a truce to my reflections as I warmed up to my theme under the sweet smell of Havana. He was not so innocent as he appeared to be. He gently pulled me up by the ear and asked me if I ever heard a certain royal

impeachment of "the horrible stygian smoke". Yes, it is true that James I did protest against a custom "so loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain and dangerous to the lung". But I refused to be crushed under a Stuart King's steam-roller. To my amiable friend, I made a present of a Persian poet's tribute to the hookah that "the Music of its sound puts the Warbling of the Nightingale to shame and the Fragrance of its Perfume brings a Blush on the cheek of the Rose."

Well, he saw that the matter could not be settled by resorting to quotations from even kings and poets, and we were agreed that it should be left to one's own experience. It is incredible that otherwise Sir Walter Raleigh should have taken "a pipe of tobacoe a lytel before hee went to the scaffolde". There are yet so many other instances of men who showed an extraordinary 'weakness' for the delicious herb. On entering Kilmainham prison, Parnell's first request was for a cigar! It was only the other day that, during the shift from Yerrawada to Naini, our Pandit Motilalji was discovered at some station leaning with one hand on his daughter's arm, and holding a cigarette with the other!

Who has the heart to deny still that smoking has a delicate enchantment of its own? The relations between Lady Nicotine and the unmarried man were described in amorous terms by Kingsley when he spoke of tobacco as the bachelor's wife and single man's companion. Its hold even on ex-bachelors and men in society is hardly disputed. The woman, too, in her desire to establish her equality with man, has lighted her cigarette, and lighted too, the torch of rebellion, and ejected man out of his conservative cell into a more rational sphere.

Smoking is, indeed, becoming so common that not only are all beginning to smoke but they are smoking at all places too,—in theatres and concert-halls, at banquets and Committee meetings. It is not unlikely that the 'pipe of peace' will ere long be a familiar feature of the House of Commons where, with its aid, members will "temper the

tedium of debate". We cannot do better than pause for a while over Mr. Robert Lynd's idyllic picture of the House in smoke. He observes:

> If smoking were permitted in the House of Commons, it is almost certain that the work of the House would be performed with greater efficiency. Members permitted to smoke would attend the debates more regularly, and would listen to their opponents with greater patience. They would also make shorter speeches, knowing that they had only to sit down in order to enjoy a smoke. I am inclined to think that many of the scenes that have disgraced the House of Commons have been due to the irritability which results from temporary abstinence from tobacco. If at the out-break of such a scene the Speaker would rise from his chair and say, "Gentlemen, you may smoke; storm, I am confident, would give way to calm; and the most raucous throat would be silenced".

The force of this argument grows more irresistible when we descend from generalities to particulars. Let us take, for instance, the case of Carlyle and his mother, and Carlyle and Tennyson, "brave smokers all and silent to boot. They let their pipes carry on a conversation too deep for words". Who that knows Mr. Baldwin will doubt that he prefers his pipe to his Premiership? I am inclined to believe that Mr. Chintamani will sooner go out of the Liberal Party than give up cigarettes for ever. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru would not speak with half the charm he does, if an Ordinance (in this year of Ordinances) is promulgated against the carrying of pipes.

Let their be no foolish talk of a ban on smoking, which is so soothing to the nerves and conducive to thought. It is also a cure for asthma. It is certainly an aid to social intercourse. It has served man and woman well through the ages and taught them to look upon life from a different angle. For my part, I am applying, with a clear conscience, for "the charter of the smoker's freedom", and incidentally closing my article on the triumph of tobacco. Puff, puff, puff....

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THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN LIBRARIES

BY S. R. RANGANATHAN, M.A., F.L.A.

SO long as the preservation of books was the chief concern of a library, all that it wanted by way of staff was a competent care-taker who could fight against the four enemies of books; fire, vermin, water and men. And it was not unusual to make the post in the library the asylum for persons unfit for other jobs. It was not unusual, for example, for libraries to be adorned by the deaf and the maimed, by stammerers and hunch-backs, by the dull and the short-tempered—by never-do-well's of all sorts. The term 'Keeper' by which the librarians of ancient libraries are still designated is indeed a significant survival of the pre-First-Law days.[1] The Parody of a passage in Plato's *Republic* given by Dr. A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol College, in his Presidential Address of 1928, fits in appropriately with such a conception of a librarian.

"Then on which occasions concerned with books is the librarian a more useful partner than another?

In cases of depositing and keeping books safe.

Is not that as good as saying 'When there is no need to read books but only to keep them unread?'

Yes.

Then librarianship is useful in regard to books when books are useless?

It looks like it.

Librarianship, then, my friend, cannot be of any great moment if it is useful only for books when they are useless"[2]

In fact librarianship was not considered to be of any great moment in those days.

NEED FOR A LIBRARY STAFF.

Indeed, it took a long time even to realise the need for a real librarian. If there was a librarian's post, it was

1. The First Law is "Books are for use."
2. Library Association Record New Series Vol. VI pp. 237-8.

not known whom to recruit for it and if there was a librarian, it was not known what to do with him. For nearly half a century, even the University College of London, which has now become the mother of men and women trained for work in all types of libraries, used to leave its library 'to the care of an assistant, sometimes dignified with the title of librarian but never paid more than £80 a year or to that of a library beadle'.[1] In his "Story of the University of Edinburgh", Sir Alexander Grant records 'Between 1635 and 1667 there was a succession of no less than ten librarians; probably none of these persons had a peculiar vocation for the employment'. When she finally got a librarian who would not leave her, not knowing what to do with him, she asked him to maintain 'the Graduation Book where for a series of years he entered the laureations'. Even that not filling all his spare time, he was made to act, in addition, 'as Secretary to the College, an office which was henceforth combined with that of Librarian'. So long as the books were only for preservation and until it came to be realised that books are for use, how else could a librarian's time and energy have been utilised? Edinburgh was by no means unique in hitting upon such a device to harness the librarian to get a return for the salary paid to him. Her neighbour Glasgow did similarly. We are told that, until 1858, "Matriculation and enrolment was carried through by the Librarian" in the University of Glasgow.[2]

NINETEENTH CENTURY CONDITIONS IN AMERICA.

The position in the New World too was not very different. It was only in comparatively recent times that a librarian was appointed at Harvard or Yale, who should give his entire time to the care of the library. When the Kenyon college, a residential college, was established in 1826, the duties of the librarian fell upon the Principal's wife, Mrs. Chase. But librarian's work was not the only work that was assigned to her. "The chief care of the household affairs fell upon Mrs. Chase. She also kept the accounts of the institution and *looked after the library*"[3]

1. BELLOT (H. Hab) University College. London p. 418.
2. MURRAY (David) Memoirs of the Old College of Glasgow p. 54.
3. SYMTHE (George Franklin) Kenyon College. p. 39.

According to Koch,[1] "It was not long ago that the library was generally thought of as a place for the semiretirement of the aged professor or the incompetent instructor. Even now, it is a common occurrence for the librarian to be asked whether he has not something to which a broken down scholar can turn his hand.... The necessity for training, energy, alertness and specific fitness for library work is still not seen by many who even from their casual acquaintance with libraries, should know better what kind of help is required to run a library".

William Frederick Poole, who was librarian at Newberry in the closing years of the last century, is reported to have said before his death, "None of the Universities have as yet quite come up to the high standard of having a professor of bibliography, but they are moving in that direction." In 1894, President Harper[2] could only hope "some of us will see the day when in every grand division of the University there will be professors of bibliography and methodology whose function will be to teach men, books, and how to use them". The same University President was however convinced[3] that "The equipment of the Library will never be finished until it have upon its staff men and women whose sole work shall be, not the care of books, not the cataloguing of books, but the giving of instruction concerning their use".

COLLEGE LIBRARIES

Turning to our own country we are yet to get a Harper to preside over our Educational institutions. The conditions hardly seem to favour even the entertainment of harper's hope. Most of our Colleges have no doubt begun to include in their 'Annual Staff Return' a post under the dignified title 'Librarian'. Although the salary shown against the entry may raise some doubts, the deplorable lack of appreciation of the need for a real librarian, who can get the BOOKS PUT TO USE can be appreciated only by those who have been on the staff of a college for some time.

1 KOCH (Theodre Wesley) **On University Libraries**, p. 39.
2 HARPER (William Rainy) **The trend of higher education**, pp. 40-41.
3 **Ibid** p. 123.

In most of the degree colleges, the so-called librarian is usually a clerk, and nothing more, by training, temperament and status. He is not given any initiative, nor is he capable of the same. His time is largely spent in maintaining the files and in carrying them, now and then, to a far-off room occupied by the dignitary—the Professor-in-charge-of-the-Library—to whom he is responsible and by dancing attendance on whom, and by no other means, he thinks, he can keep his place. His assistant is usually an attendant whose educational attainments are a little too good to make him a peon. His duty is to dole out books across the barrier at stated hours in the week and otherwise to keep dusting the shelves or trimming the books and the files. There is none on the library staff who could link it up with the instructional force of the college, much less, one who could follow up the course of studies pursued by the college; none who could look up material on request, much less, one who could collect the material in advance, in anticipation of future demand; none who could instruct the ordinary students in the use of the books of the library, much less one who could assist the research students with his knowledge of the methods of using original sources. The Professor-in-charge, may do such things. There are exceptional professors-in-charge who do such things and all honour to them. But the Professor-in-charge is a Professor and not a librarian and he is ordinarily made to understand his duties to begin with the passing of office-copies and end with the signing of fair-copies. On the other hand, one must be really thankful if the Professor does not succumb to the temptation to keep all good new arrivals in his exclusive private custody to gain a temporary advantage over the pupils whom he has to teach. If he does, as it not infrequently happens, the class of librarians to which he can be appropriately assigned has been carefully defined by the Master of Balliol in the parody of another passage of the *Republic*.

'And he is an excellent guard of any army who is clever in stealing the plans of the enemy and all their dispositons?

Certainly.

Then, whoever is a clever guarder of anything is also a clever thief of it ?

Apparently.

Then, if the librarian is clever at guarding books, he is also clever at stealing them ?

That is certainly the drift of the argument.'

The plight of the Intermediate College Libraries is still worse in the matter of staff. More often than not a raw youth, who has just scraped through the School-Final Examination is installed in the librarian's *gadi*. The Intermediate colleges usually have a populous school department. This department it is that often relieves the Principal from the awkward predicament of finding work for this youth, to keep him from mischief. The daily consolidation of the hourly attendance of the pupils, the monthly writing-up of the nominal rolls in the attendance registers, and the terminal filling up of the Secondary School Leaving Certificate books are, as a rule, made his monopoly. If they do not engage him fully, he must assist the accountant in the collection of school-fees, or, the troublesome task of maintaining the stock of stationery and forms awaits his attention.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES

But the worst occurs in School libraries. The School-Libraries have not recognised the need even for a librarian-clerk. It is usually the drill master or the drawing master that is asked to look after the library—if there is one. In a school, that I knew, the stoutest and cruellest of the staff who was known as the Mohammad of Ghazni in honour of the number of his unsuccessful attacks on the Matriculation portals of the University citadel was marked out as the guardian angel of the library. And, he proved to be a zealous guardian. When an inquisitive child of the school picked up courage to approach him and ask for a book for 'extra reading' it was late in the evening and he was dead tired after the day's task of teaching for six hours.

'What do you want ?' thundered the Mohammad of Ghazni, almost scorching with his reddish eyes.

'Peeps into many lands, Japan, Sir,' stammered the child.

'How many marks did you get in the last Quarterly?'

'Fo - Forty-two out of fifty, sir.'

'Go and get the remaining eight marks before you can think of extra-reading,' came forth the emphatic injunction in company with the right-hand fist of the Mohammed of Ghazni, which settled on the forehead of the quivering child with such painful force, that the child ran away sobbing—never, never to return to the library.

If the school believed that the BOOKS WERE FOR THE USE of the children, would it have consigned them to the care of such a frightening monster? On the other hand, would it not have put them in charge of a charming children's librarian, whose specialised training and sympathetic outlook, would have attracted all the children of the school to what is now rightly called 'the heart of the school' viz., the school library. Then, how different would have been the reminiscences of the children of the school! Consider, for example, the pleasant recollections of a New World contemporary of our sobbing child. 'I can almost say that I owe to the library the greatest mental stimulus of my life. The picture of that Librarian's intelligent grey-eyed face, the very odour of the library room itself are indelibly impressed in my memory. Personally my debt to the library as an institution and to librarians as a class is a greater one than I can ever hope to pay even with everlasting gratefulness.' *

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* Adult Education and The Library, Vol. III, page 52.

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REMINISCENCES OF AN OCTOGENERIAN

BY PROF. N. S. ADHIKARI

I am an old man now; I have now to pass my life in living back in imagination through the incidents that happened to me when life was young and pleasant. Old age is an age of reminiscences; and the only pleasure that is now left to me is to recount to you those parts of my life which may or may not amuse you, but which are certainly such as I love to linger on.

It was in the year 18—that the story happened when I was in Bombay. It was a time when, indeed, there was no political agitation and no communal tension; but it certainly was a time when law and order were neither so well organized, nor so well maintained; and the police force was neither so efficient, nor so adequate. The streets were lighted with gas-lamps, and even then, not all; so that to see a man walking with a lantern was a sight neither unusual nor extraordinary. Parts of Bombay which now are populous were then but sparsely inhabited. To be short, Bombay then was far different from what Bombay now is.

My children, there was a time when I was neither old nor weak, nor doubled-up. Alas! How time passes!! It was but yesterday that I was young; and-to-day?

After completing my education, I set up private practice as a doctor in Girgaum. I hired a goodly-sized room near my house for my Dispensary and engaged a compounder and a servant—both honest and hardworking men. By dint of hard work, care and courteous manners, I was able to secure a large clientele, so that though I was but twenty-five then, I came to be looked upon, in a couple of years, as a successful and flourishing doctor.

It was about 7-30 P. M. and after a strenuous day's work I was taking well-earned rest in an easy chair on the verandah of my house which as I have already said, adjoined

my Dispensary. The moon was just coming up and suffusing the sky with its pale lustre. There was but one solitary star in the west that looked at me with a knowing wink, and told me, I fancied, that some day, someone would look at me as stealthily and secretly as she was doing now. The evening was clear except for a solitary, fleecy cloud which was crossing lazily the azure floor of the sky. Girgaum which even then was a busy centre was putting on, gradually, at this time of the day, a rather forlorn appearance.

I do not know what I was thinking of; may be, I was thinking of my rapid rise as a successful doctor; may be, I was painting delightful pictures of that happy day when I should lose my single blessedness and should take as my helpmate in life someone who should strew roses on my path. What an ideally romantic picture that was! Dear Children, you are yet young; you are yet school-going boys; your life is yet a life of play; but when you grow up a bit, you will come upon a time in your life when you will live in a world of romance that will be entirely of your creation. In vain will the practical realities of life try to distract you; in vain will the dangers of an exacting world try to overwhelm you; they will hold no terrors for you at that time of your life.

So was it with me then. I was the only son of my parents, and they had brought me up with loving care. I was famous at twenty-five; and what is more, I was modestly rich. Was it my doing if romantic pictures came before my mind, painted in roseate hues? Was it my mistake if under the exhilaration of the magic influence exerted by the Queen of Night, I should forget myself for once and should dwell for a moment in the fairy land of imagination?

I must have passed sometime in this state of semi-wakefulness; for when I came to myself I found that a well-dressed man was standing a little on one side of me and looking at me rather intently.

I got up and offering him my sincere apologies for not noticing him, I asked my servant to bring out a chair for him. When he was seated I said:

"I am so sincerely sorry, I did not notice your presence. I was thinking; and lost in thought as I was, I did not know you required me; but—" "You need not trouble yourself," said he interrupting me, "I had not to wait long. I did address you; but you were so taken up with your own thoughts that you did not hear me; and as your thoughts appeared pleasing, I thought it better to wait a few minutes before I disturbed you again."

"Well; I was not thinking of anything in particular", I said, "and if you had—"

The man simply smiled for a moment.

"May I know the reason of your visit?" I asked gently without completing my first sentence.

"That is what I am eager to tell you. I have come to take you on a professional visit. My niece has not been keeping good health for some time. A few days back she caught cold and since then she has been ailing. About an hour ago, she got a fit of convulsions and the fit has not disappeared yet. I want you to come and see her immediately."

"What is her age?" I asked.

"About 20."

"Married?"

"No."

"Constitution—Strong?"

"Well—average type."

"Where does she stay?"

"With me. I stay on Malabar Hill."

I knew that Malabar Hill was even then a fashionable place where rich people only could afford to dwell. But I also knew that it was thinly populated. I hesitated for a moment as to whether I should accept the invitation to visit the girl. The man saw my hesitation and said: "You need not hesitate; my brougham is waiting on the main road; it is a question of half an hour; and I'll accompany you back to see you home."

"But do you know that I charge Rs. 100 per night visit?" I asked.

"Double that if you save my girl" he immediately replied.

From a monetary point of view this offer was undoubtedly handsome; and the case seemed urgent. I thought I should not only have a goodly amount, but have, in addition, the satisfaction of having saved a human life, and that of a girl. Ideas of material profit and moral satisfaction and chivalric feelings—all combined to prompt me to consent. So telling him to wait a bit, I went in to dress.

But I did not dress immediately. From a small chink in the window I took stock of my man. Dressed in a white, fine *Dhotar*; a long black coat; a red wheel-like *pugree*; and red Deccani slippers he appeared to be a respectable person. His polished manners and decent dress betokened not merely wealth but good breeding. The way in which he spoke showed that he was a man of some education. And his earnestness and anxiety showed that the case brooked no delay. Having thus—satisfied myself completely about his *bona fides*, I started carrying the Gladstone bag which I usually took when I paid anyone a professional visit.

We had reached Malabar Hill and our brougham was slowly wending its way towards an imposing bungalow that stood apart like a lonely monarch. It was a two-storeyed building, situated in the midst of a big compound which contained a number of trees and flower plants run to seed. On one side in the compound there was a well fitted up with a water-wheel which appeared to be lying there in disuse.

Our brougham stopped at the front door of the building; and as we alighted, there came two men who appeared to be servants. They salaamed us and one of them took up my bag and carrying it to the front hall on the ground-floor of the building, deposited it on a round table that was in the centre of the room. To my question "how is the patient?" he replied with concern "only a little better, Sir, do save her, Sir".

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My companion who had lingered behind a minute came up and taking the bag himself, he asked me to foilow him. We had to walk up a pair of stair-cases before we reached the room where the patient was lying. It was a small room in the centre of the building. There was a round table in the centre of the room; and on a writing table in a corner a kerosine-oil lamp was dimly burning. On the table were, also, a bottle and a measure-glass. There were three chairs round the table in the centre, and a bed was spread on the ground on which the patient appeared to be asleep.

I deposited my bag on the round table and going to the patient I sqatted down on the ground so that I should be able to examine her all the better. I pulled the coverlet from the face of the girl and bent down a little to hear if she was breathing evenly.

In a moment, I felt my head drawn down like a leaden bullet in a vice-like grip; my arms were jerked backward by someone with a vehement suddenness until they appeared to break at the elbows; hand-cuffs were clicked on in a trice and a handkerchief saturated with chloroform was strapped on to my nose so that in a few minutes I lost all consciousness and lay there an inert mass.

When I came round the night was far advanced. The writing table and chairs, the round table and bottles; and the bed itself had disappeared. I was lying on the floor with one blanket on. I had, indeed, on my body my shirt and my dhoter; but my coat and pugree, my bag and boots had vanished leaving no trace of themselves. And my hands, it is true, instead of being handcuffed behind, were handcuffed in the front; but my legs were also so chained that I could but walk at a snail's pace.

My children, I leave it to you to imagine what my feelings must have been. Here was I, a successful doctor, trapped very skilfully and lying alone, a prisoner in that solitary room! Here was I on whom life had smiled and to whom the future had appeared so bright and rosy, weltering in a sea of doubt and uncertainty. I shonld be

untrue to myself were I to say that I was alarmed; but to say that I was simply confused or dazed would be to paint myself bolder than I am. I was nothing if not bewildered. Who could have been my assailants? Who stood to gain anything by my captivity? Who desired to wreak vengeance on me, and for what? What was the motive which prompted these men to act towards me as they did? These and a host of similar questions racked my brain. So far as I knew I had not a single enemy in the world. You need not smile if I say that these questions seemed to me more difficult to answer than the most difficult questions that you may ever be asked to solve in your examinations. But when I turned from these to "what next?", when I began to think of what these men may do to me, I became really concerned. For the life of me, I could not guess why I was thus imprisoned and what they wanted to do to me. But imagined dangers look more fearful than actual. I therefore gave up imagining all sorts of things; and determined to await cheerfully any fate that may be in store for me.

It is said that he sleeps soundly who is in deep misery. I do not know if that be generally true; but in my case at least it was very true. For I slept as I never have slept and when I was awakened from my sleep morning was far advanced. I got up from the floor; and on looking round I found that a jug of water, a towel and a wash-basin were kept in a corner. As I was washing myself, the door gently opened and in entered an attractive woman who asked me if I should like a cup of tea. I answered in the affirmative. A cup of tea was accordingly brought by a masked servant. I took it. The woman closed the door and sitting down near it, asked me to sit a few yards away from her. She said: "Doctor, I am extremely sorry to put you to all this trouble; but it is up to you to free yourself from your present unenviable position."

"How?" I asked rather dispassionately.

"Well; look here; the world being what it is, one must live at the cost of another. You live at the cost of patients

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BY FRANCIS GLADWIN

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

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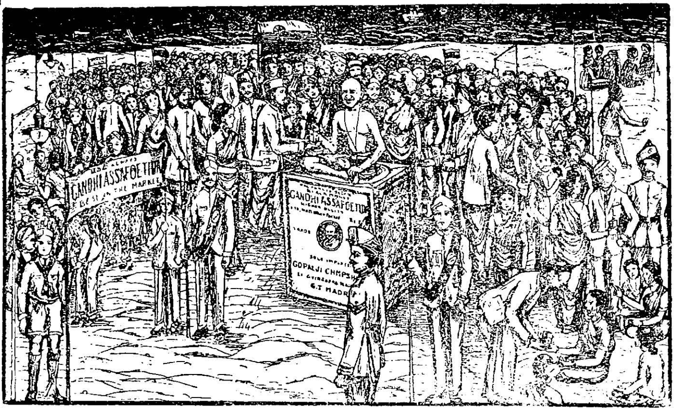

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and their rich relations. Might I not live at the cost of rich doctors? That is the ethics of our trade. But I do not wish to beat about the bush. You write a note to your father to say that you most urgently require a sum of Rs. 2000 and that the sum should be paid to the bearer without delay. As soon as the sum is in my hands, you are free."

"But you are dictating terms. Why should I write the note?" asked I hotly.

"Simply because this is our ransom" replied the woman unperturbed. "You were attracted by the prospect of getting Rs. 200 as your visit fee; and you simply would have given a few doses of medicine. We give you on the other hand, your freedom. And by as much freedom is more valuable than medicine, by so much is our fee greater than your fee. Is this not an equitable arrangement?"

"But in giving medicine I give life", I asserted. "And in giving you your freedom I do the same" she retorted warming up.

I sat speechless for some time; not that her moral code was right; not that her argument was unanswerable. But I was, to say the least, simply astounded at the brazon impudence of her proposal. Was hers the brain behind this coup? Or was she merely playing in the hand of some one else? When I recovered my speech I said:

"It is no use mincing matters. You tricked me into this situation only to extort money from me. Supposing I do not act as you would wish me to?"

"The answer is obvious. We will resort to such measures as will bring you to your knees." "What are those measures?" I enquired.

"Why need I mention them? You will see for yourself what they are, and I would expect you to give me your candid opinion on their compelling power." "I don't mind seeing them for myself", I warmed up, "but I should like to sound a note of warning. If I am missed from home for any long period, heaven and earth will be moved by my

people to find me out. The slightest clue will be taken up, you will be hounded down, and relentlessly brought to book. So take care what you do." "Thank you so much for your kind but gratuitous warning. So you won't write the note?" She asked. "No." I emphatically asserted.

Our interview ended here. She got up, opened the door, and as she sailed out, she said, "Young man, there is no way of escape; don't think that shouting will help you; this house is believed to be haunted; people have not infrequently heard weired noises, wailings and all sorts of human and inhuman cries issuing from this house. Further, this bungalow is too far away from the nearest building for your voice to reach it; and, lastly, any attempt at insubordination will be severely dealt with." With this warning, she closed the door.

A little later a masked servant entered bringing in a dish of *Chapattis* and *dal* and a *lota* of water. I tried to win him over by flattering him; by appealing to his kindness and sense of justice; by trying to bribe him but to no use. He left the things there and went away closing the door from outside. I tried to eat but the morsel stuck up in my throat.

A few minutes passed. I began to feel giddy. I tried to keep myself awake by vigorous walking, jumping, leaping and by similar other jerky movements. But the giddiness seemed to be irresistible and I fell down in a dead unconciousness.

When I came round I found my condition changed for the worse. I was manacled as before but instead of being in the room, I was now in a strong wooden cage, and the cage was in the room. The cage was about 3 feet in cubic measurements so that I could neither get up, nor stretch my legs. There was a masked servant near armed with a pointed stick. I wondered what the servant was expected to do with that stick; so I asked him who he was; who the woman was; what they meant to do to me; how they lived; and similar other questions. But the man was mum. Thinking, therefore, that it was no use speaking to him, I

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sat quiet. What with hunger, what with misery and fatigue, I began to doze; but the servant began to prick me into wakefulness with his pointed stick. So I now knew why the man was kept there armed with this instrument of torture. To be more sure, I feigned sleep; but the more I feigned, the more insistent became his pricks, and he hit me without the least attention or care as to where he hit me. He hit me in my back, and he hit me in my face; he hit me on my nose, and he pricked me on my hip. He was fair and very impartial in the matter of hitting and pricking for there was no part of my body that did not receive a fair share of pricks or hits. But the result was that I could not doze; and a few hours later I felt excessively cramped.

At about lamp-light-time, another masked servant came with some food and water; and he shoved them in through a small opening, as you would push fruits and chillis into the cage of a parrot.

So I was a human parrot—a man-parrot. Smile not, my children, smile not. Your grandpa has lived through such incidents as would read like an incredible romance; but incredible as the incidents may seem, they are yet true, for they did happen. Fact is more incredible than fiction. Forget not this. Truth is more surprising than romance.

So here was I—a flourishing doctor caged like a bird, or, shall I say, like a wild animal. What a stroke of fate that he who released others from the clutches of diseases was himself caught in the clutches of others! That he who freed others from the grip of death was himself threatened with death!! What an irony of fate!!!

Night approached. Cramped as I was, sleep the balm of Nature, gradually began to steal over me; and I began to doze. But the servant began to keep me awake by pricking me. And as the night deepened and sleepiness grew, the man became more determined in his efforts to keep me awake.

A few hours later he was relieved by another masked servant whose duty appeared to be not to let me sleep; a few hours later another came to perform the same duty. Thus

throughout the night I had, literally speaking, not a wink of sleep.

Thus the night wore on and the day dawned; I thought that now at least the men will go away, and extremely cramped as I was, I shall snatch a short nap; but no. It was forenoon; but my watchman did not leave me. A small quantity of food and water was shoved in as before; and the monsters mounted guard to keep me awake. When it was lamp-light-time again, the woman-fiend returned and asked me if I had got time to give any serious thought to her proposal. I was exasperated and naturally, I disdained any reply.

She smiled sardonically and went away telling me that I would be made to suffer still more and that I alone would be responsible if death came to me inch by inch. "For", she said, "are you so greedy or so poor or foolish as to suffer agonising death for the sake of a paltry couple of thousands? Have you not brains to understand that two thousand can be made up in less than half a year? Would you surpass woman in her unreasoning and unreasonable obduracy?"

That night also I had not a wink of sleep; for the servants relieved each other every three hours or so. When morning came, I was not merely as dead as a mouse. I was mad; terribly, frantically mad. What with hunger and thirst and cramps and above all with sleeplessness, I was literally mad. I raged and I swore. I tore my hair and dashed my head against the wood of the cage. But of what use could all this be! They merely increased my exhaustion and oppression and made me more miserable !!

It was about 11 o'clock of the next day that the woman came back. Looking at me exultingly she said, "Miserable youth, do you accept my proposal even yet?"

My children, there is nothing so sweet as life. Every one tries to preserve it at the cost of everything else. Really speaking a couple a thousands was not a very big sum to me; and even if it was a big sum, could I have

accepted this miserable death which approached me inch by inch for the sake of this money? I am not afraid of death. But this was not death; this was hell itself. So I replied, "Tormentor, suppose I write the note; what guarantee have I that I should be released when you get the money?" "For that" she replied, "you may depend on my honour." "Your honour! Trust you? I may as well—" "You can't help it. Either you must do as I bid, or you must not. In the latter case greater miseries await you as in the former, freedom and the outer world will welcome you." "You monster" said I addressing her, "you will shame the Devil himself." "Yes, I will." "Bring me a piece of paper and ink," said I in sheer desperation, for I was now willing to sell even my soul to Satan for an hour's sleep. A small piece of paper and a pencil were brought, and I was asked to write down to dictation.

"Dear father,

Excuse me for keeping away from the house without informing you. I am at present engaged on a very urgent and important work. I require *most* urgently Rs. 2,000 *in cash*. Please send them per bearer. Will explain later.

Your affectionate and obedeint
son,
...."

So the note was written and given and I awaited developments. Nothing happened in the afternoon. Evening approached as usual with its terrible memories of the last two nights, and I thought that if I was not allowed to sleep that night too, by morning I should be a dead man. At about 8 P. M. the usual food and water arrived. I was not in any mood to eat, so I drank water only; and before I had gulped down the last drop of water, I crumbled down in the cage into a sensless heap.

When I came to myself it was about 8 A. M. I was lying on the floor of the room. The wooden cage was gone, and the room was bare. The fetters were removed from my hands and legs. I was fully dressed in my own dress, and my red *pugree* and the Gladstone bag were placed near

me. I then realised that some one was knocking violently at the door. I slowly and wearily went down the stairs and opened the door to find my father and three police constables clamouring to enter. I told them the whole story. They listened to it with apparent interest. But I thought that they did not much believe the account I gave. They went over the whole house; but there was none there; and what surprised me most was the definite assertion and conviction of the constables and of my father too that the house gave not the least appearance of having been inhabited so late as that.

I was taken home. It was there that I learnt that Rs. 2,000 were paid to the man who had brought my note and that at about 6-30 A. M. an urgent note was delivered to a servant in my house, which said:

"In a fit of temporary insanity Dr.—has entered house No.—on Malabar Hill. Tells queer, incredible stories. Rush help."

So my father rushed to the police station and accompanied by three constables came to the place.

I do not know to this day how to reconcile the loss of Rs. 2,000 with the definite assertion of the Police, the detectives we engaged, and my father that neither the house nor the grounds gave the least reason to warrant the assumption that they were inhabited so late as I gave them to understand.

Was it merely a night-marish dream; if so, what about Rs. 2,000? Or was it a terrible waking reality—if so, what of the police assertion?....................who shall say?

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OUR YOUNGER BRETHREN

BY SRIMATHI BHAGIRATHI AMMAL

IN India, at the present day, very scant attention is paid to the question of welfare of animals. Our ancients tell us–Gandhiji is doing that now–that Ahimsa or harmlessness is the first duty of an Indian. We neither care to do it ourselves nor instruct our children to care for and protect all animals, particularly when they are in trouble or suffering. In our daily life we come across so many instances of ill-treatment and cruelty to these sentient beings, yet unthinkingly — not to say inhumanly —we pass them by without a thought or a word of pity even for them. But we can assist them only when we learn to feel for them.

The other day as I was writing, I heard a tremendous noise outside my room, and laying down my pen, I went to see what the noise was. I was just in time to see a tiny squirrel rush into my kitchen from the pursuit of a crow, which thereupon settled down in the verandah waiting for the squirrel to come out. The first thing that I did was to shut the window and the door so that the squirrel might not go out while the crow was there, and then to drive out the latter with some difficulty. The crow then sat upon the mango tree near by, knowing that his prey was not very far from him. I went into the room again and found the

squirrel clinging to the side of the food-safe, his tiny body quivering with fear. He was such a baby and so beautiful that my whole heart went out to him. He allowed me to go near him and stroke his head and trembling body for a second or two, a little suspicious whether I was a friend or foe. I offered him a nut which he was too frightened to take. Thank God, his little body was uninjured. I stood there wondering if I could find his mother for him, whether she would know or worry where he is, and whether I should have to take care of this baby too. Suddenly, however, I heard the little one call his mother with a loud cry of appeal and of fear, and again and again and yet again the cry went forth. At the last appeal I heard a tremendous jump on the roof above, and I knew that the mother had heard the call and was coming; so I retired and watched the mother go to her child in one long bound. Then what talking, scolding and rejoicing went on for about ten minutes! At last the mother ran off climbing windows and walls, her young off-spring firmly held in her mouth, and jumping the open roof in one single bound, disappeared out of sight. The little one looked like a ball, and, except for the bushy tail sticking out, he could not be recognised. Let me hope that he will encounter no more dangers till he is able to protect himself. Our good wishes will, perhaps, help him to tide over any that may come in his way. As for myself I felt like one who had successfully averted a tragedy.

The duty of kindness to animals every one of us should teach to our children, and by precept and practice we must arouse their sympathy on behalf of birds and beasts. They do understand and appreciate sympathy and kindness as much as human beings do, although they have not the power of speech to say so. Let us, by education and propaganda for the claims of our dumb younger brethren, help to raise a new generation which will make our Motherland a happy country to live in both to human beings and animals!

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HEART-BEAT OF PLANTS

BY SATYENDRA NATH SEN GUPTA

ONLY for a single one of his many discoveries, Bose should have a statue erected to his memory." In these words of laudation Einstein, the great scientist, has recorded his appreciation of human achievement so marvellous as that of Sir J. C. Bose. Of his recent discoveries which have helped our knowledge to grow from more to more, the heart-beat of plants and their nervous mechanism are quite novel in character and unique in interest. They have drawn spontaneous admiration from distinguished scientists such as Lorantz and Chodat, and while the world of science is expecting further new revelations from the genius of Sir Jagadis, the lay public do not know much about the magnitude and importance of the task in which he successfully engaged himself. This is my apology for presenting the subject to the readers of *The Scholar* in a non-technical phraseology.

We all know that in the animal system, circulation of blood is maintained by beatings of heart. The heart-beat of plants serves principally the same function as the heart-beat of animals. The sap in the plants is circulated throughout the system by alternate expansion and contraction of a tissue of narrow and elongated cells. The heart of a plant is not situated at any particular region of the system as is the case of an animal but a number of pulsating cells arranged throughout the whole body of the plant constitute what may be called its "heart". Thus it will be seen that although there is a difference in location of heart-systems of animals and plants, there is no *functional* difference between the two. Circulation of sap in plants ceases when the cells fail to pulsate just in the same manner as circulation in the animal system ceases when the heart fails to function. Sir Jagadis maintains that pulsation of plant-cells as indicated above is the principal *cause* which produces the *effect* of sap-circulation.

Many scientists have been endeavouring to ascertain the nature of mechanism by which sap is transferred up the plant from root to leaves. Among the theories which have as yet been put forward, the following has found favour with a number of investigators. The cells constituting the epidermis of the root possess an osmotic property by virtue of which water gets into them from the surrounding soil. The water thus absorbed then circulates throughout the whole body through a tissue of cells called Xylem. This process is again helped by a sort of backward pressure exerted from the leaf-surfaces, the pressure itself being caused by production of something like partial vacuum in the plant cells effected by transpiration from the leaves. A fresh quantity of water enters the cells from the earth to make up the loss caused by transpiration. Thus the plant obtains its nourishment as a result of the combined processes of (i) osmosis and (ii) transpiration.

If the above theory be accepted, we naturally come to the following conclusions :—

(i) The absorption of water is not possible without root.

(ii) The circulation of sap is absolutely impossible without leaves.

But it has been conclusively proved by experiments performed in the Bose Institute, that plants meet with no difficulty in absorbing and circulating sap even in the absence of roots and leaves. The problem which has thus been brought forward by these experiments cannot be solved with the help of the prevailing theories, while it admits of an easy explanation on the basis of the new theory on sap-circulation propounded by Sir Jagadis.

It has already been mentioned that absorption and circulation of sap is maintained by continuous expansion and contraction of each of the narrow elongated cells. The greater the cellular pulsation the greater will be the circulation of sap in the system. Each cell has its property of pulsation, and hence the plants can absorb water in the absence of roots and circulate it throughout the whole system without the help of the leaves.

To understand more easily what actually happens it will be convenient to suppose that the cells are arranged one above the other like so many pumps. The lowermost cell drags in water like a pump from earth and sends it up to the cell just above, which in its turn forces the same water to the next higher cell. In this way sap is circulated throughout the whole system of the plant. The function of each cell may, in many respects, be compared with the action of a spray. On pressing the rubber bulb of a spray, the bulb contracts, and consequently the water contained therein is forced out, while by expansion of the bulb, fresh water is again filled in. The action is similar to that of the filler of a fountain pen. Thus the cells drag in water at the time of expansion and give it up to the next higher cell at the time of contraction and immediately expand again absorbing fresh water within themselves.

Such continuous expansion and contraction of plants has been termed by Sir J. C. Bose as the heart-beat. By a number of ingenious experiments carried out in the Bose Institute with the help of various delicate instruments, such pulsations of the plant-cells have been rendered visible to the naked eye. More surprising still is the fact that the plant itself records its own cellular pulsations. Pulsation records, as obtained by galvanometers with electric probe, have been published from the Bose Institute. Positive electricity is produced at the expansion of the plant-cell and negative electricity at contraction; so that if one terminal of a galvanometer be connected to a pulsating cell and the other terminal to an indifferent point (say, flower or leaf) a spot of light reflected from the galvanometer-mirror oscillates to right and left synchronously with the pulsation of the cell. In this way the apparently invisibile cellular pulsation has been rendered visible.

But the instrument recently devised by Sir J. C. Bose has surpassed all the previous inventions. With this instrument heart-beat records are being taken in quite a new method. It has nothing to do with a galvanometer, nor does it require the help of any other foreign instrument in its working. It is self-contained and alone feels and

records pulsations. Sir J. C. Bose has named this instrument the "Sphygmograph".

At one end of the instrument there is a device called the "plant feeler", consisting of two rods—one movable and the other fixed. The motion of the movable rod is regulated by each contraction and expansion of the pulsating cells. As a result of the expansion and contraction of the pulsating cells the stem of the plant undergoes a constant process of expansion and shrinkage. These expansions and shrinkages are so minute that their magnitude is beyond the reach of unaided human senses. But Sir J. C. Bose has been able to record these minute movements in his newly devised instrument "Sphygmograph". The plant is held between the rods of the feeler; the stem is thus kept in constant contact with the movable rod which will no doubt share the pulsations, however minute the expansions and shrinkages may be. The minutest movement of this end of the movable rod is magnified to some extent on the other end. This magnified movement is still further magnified by a ray of light reflected from a mirror attached to the free end of the rod. The pulsation of cells thus being enormously magnified becomes visible. The spot of light moves in one direction at expansion and in the opposite direction at shrinkage.

A number of surprisingly interesting truths have been discovered from the pulsation-records, obtained with the help of this newly invented instrument. Such medicines as stimulate or depress the heart-beats of animals or stop them for ever have been applied to the plants, and it has been observed that there is no difference between the activity of the hearts of the two systems. The effect produced by a number of stimulants or depressants upon the heart of animals has been found to be exactly similar in the case of plant life. This similarity has been further corroborated by the application of a few Ayurvedic medicines.

After injecting, in very small quantities, into the stem of dying plants a sort of snake-venom called "Shuchikavaran", often administered by the oriental physicians to

strengthen the sinking hearts of dying patients, it has been found that cellular pulsations of plants increase as beatings of the animal heart will increase under similar conditions. Almost dying plants have even been revived by the application of this medicine.

But an application of it in excess has been found to cause instantaneous death of plants as is the case with animals.

A world of light has been thrown into the realm of science by the discovery of the "Sphygmograph" and an extensive new field of research has been laid open before the scientist's eye. The similarity between the lives of the animals and plants has been more rigorously proved and more solemnly recognised, and thus the genius of the Indian savant has glorified the sayings of the Indian sages of old.

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BY T. B. KRISHNASWAMI, M. A., B. L.

Alone upon that lonely height,
Where only eagles wheel their flight,
Where stars and planets, as they pass
Pay homage leaving on the grass
Tributes of flowers, pearls of dew
What is it that pleases you ?

Water-lilies on the tide
Rising falling as they ride ?
Songs of birds; the gentle breeze
Softly blowing through the trees;
Familiar sounds from field and glen
And from the humble homes of men ?

But your stern supernal gaze
Absorbed, abstracted in amaze
Averse from humble hopes and fears
Averse too from man's joys and tears
Is fixed across Himalayan snows
Upon the kindred star that glows

In steadfast splendour at the Pole !
O loftiness of mind and soul
Proud symbol of immortal truth
Pure in your perennial youth,
Amid the opulence, the amplitude
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—"The Indian Educator", July, 1930

Having gone through it I feel I should congratulate you on the production of a book *well got up, abundantly illustrated* and written in a manner that would *admirably satisfy* the requirements of the S. S. L. C. students,

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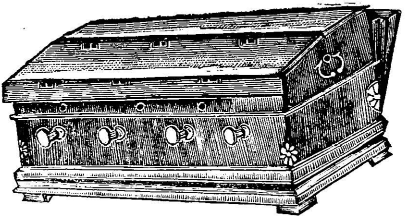

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EREHWON *

BY I. ROBERTSON, M.A., *New Zealand.*

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on".

Shakespeare.

SOME 50 or 60 years ago, while New Zealand was still a very young and poor Colony, there arrived on her shores a young man named Samuel Butler, sent out by his father in the hope that the new land might be able to provide for him a better opportunity of making a living than over-crowded England could offer. A position had been found for him as cadet or apprentice on a sheep station in the South Island. The idea was that he should learn sheep farming and then his father would buy him land (cheap enough in those days) and he would set up as a sheep farmer himself. If the world had been carefully searched over it is doubtful if a man less suited to farm life could have been found. He was well educated, and was interested in nothing but literature and music, but his mind was of a unique cast—it was absolutely impossible for him to accept any of the current views of mankind on any subject whatever. He might have been a visitor from another planet. He was born to analyse and criticise, to strip every thing to the bare fundamentals and so to try to estimate its real value. All the accepted standards of life, thought, and religion seemed to him outworn dead things, which should be discarded, and in place of which each man should set up for himself such a manner of life as most clearly expressed his own individuality. These ideas and more especially his manner of criticising are set forth in his book "Erehwon", which describes his life in a country that he says he discovered on one of his trips across the snow-clad and almost impassible Western Mountains. In case this district is not shown on your map of New Zealand you will easily ascertain its exact whereabouts by reading its name backwards.

This country did not welcome strangers, so Mr. Butler was deprived of his freedom at the first out-lying settlement

* The best known book of New Zealand's most famous writer.

that he reached, and detained there till the will of the Government regarding him could be ascertained. He employed this enforced leisure in learning the Erehwonian language, for he was treated with every consideration by his jailer. As his knowledge of the language increased he began to suspect that the ideas of the country differed from those of the rest of the world in a very remarkable way. Before he could verify his suspicions orders came for him to be transferred to the capital, for the country had received no visitor for very many years, and the advent of a stranger was felt to be a serious matter. On the way he continued to work hard at the language, and was fairly proficient by the time he reached the capital, where he was lodged with the family of a Mr. X—, a wealthy man, in order that he might be kept under observation for a while. Here he continued the study of the local customs which were most willingly explained to him. They were remarkable in the extreme. For example, ill-health was regarded as a crime and was punished by imprisonment, while bad temper, dishonesty, and other moral faults were regarded as we regard sickness, and were treated by doctors. His host, Mr. X—, had some little time previously been detected in the theft of some money. The court before which his case was brought appointed a medical adviser to treat this serious moral illness, and the cure included a sound thrashing every month. During the administration of this, the house resounded with Mr. X—'s doleful cries and groans, while next day his friends would call with presents of fruit and flowers, and anxious inquiries as to how he had stood the operation. Their ideas on economic subjects were also unusual. Children received an excellent education, and were kept at school till they reached the age of 18. Anyone who had not within two years of leaving school established himself in a well-paid position was liable to imprisonment. Although the Erehwonians were a highly intellectual people they used no machinery; its use had been abolished by Act of Parliament some 200 years before. They had found that it was gradually dominating the community. It had no regard for the master craftsmen of weaving and metal

work, or indeed for artists' work of any kind, and it took money from the poor mill-hands and gave it to employers who already had more than they could use wholesomely. So the use or even the possession of a machine was made a capital offence.

These ideas seem strange to us at first, but Mr. Butler was soon converted to them for their practical results were excellent. Never had he seen such perfection of health and physical beauty, while all lived in simple comfort, there being none of the extremes of poverty and wealth which exist in other countries. There is no doubt though that in some ways they went too far, for the State granted Mr. Butler a comfortable pension on the ground that he was a perfect specimen physically, his red hair and rosy cheeks conforming to their ideal of beauty, though very seldom seen among them.

This book is more than idle fooling. It is absolutely necessary that established ideas should be broken up, for civilisation is a growing thing; ideas are the pot in which it grows, and as the plant outgrows the pot, the pot must be discarded for a bigger one, otherwise the plant breaks it—or the pot stifles the life of the plant. This growth of civilisation is accompanied by a transference of power from class to class, for, as Henry Ford points out in his book *Great To-day and Greater To-morrow*, power has passed from the hands of generals and armies to those of politicians, and although politicians still hold the semblance of power in many countries, yet in advanced countries the real power is passing into the hands of the kings of commerce. Note, not "has passed" but "is passing", the transference being practically complete in the case of such younger countries as the United States of America and the British Dominions. A little thought will convince one that such changes are inevitable in the life of a developing nation, and that they require corresponding changes extending through the whole national life from the form of Government to the method of life of the private citizen. And this requires that we should take our thoughts out and shake them vigorously and turn them upside down to see if they

are dead and drop off, if not, we must next consider whether they might be replaced by better ones, for "the good is the enemy of the better", and—

> The old order changeth yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

People for the most part do not like doing this, so it is generally done for them by some great conqueror who destroys existing institutions. Such were Attila and Napoleon in Europe, and, greatest conqueror and destroyer of all, Ghengis Khan the Mogul, who in a couple of years established an Empire extending from Pekin in the East to Germany in the West, and from the Arctic circle to the Persian Gulf and the Indus.

Recently, since the spread of Education, it has seemed that the work of destroying out-grown thoughts could be accomplished by writers, and certainly the transference of power from politicians and officials is being accomplished very quietly, and this quietness enables us to look around us and examine the causes of past progress and the prospects for the future. In the Western world a comparison of life now with what it was 100 years ago shows us that the changes, which are very great ones, are due, not to the action of the nominal governing bodies, but to the development of the trade and wealth of the world. The nation develops freely; the Government follows it, putting the correct legal setting to the new phases of national life as they are developed. The increased wealth of the West is due to the increased use of machinery and the application of Science to industry, and is one thread of a double strand, the other being the spread of education. We further see that the cord requires a third thread—the development of character and spirituality. They are not developing to keep pace with prosperity and knowledge, and this constitutes a very serious danger in European civilisation. Many who know both East and West are looking to Asia for help. She has provided all the great religions, and the Spirit is again stirring in her. The wonderful Women's movement throughout Asia is part of it. Their share in the national

character development is shown concretely by their work for social welfare, and for higher national standards of health and morals. But above all this is the need for a higher Spiritual life. Two thousand years ago and more, Asia was sending out to Europe wave after wave of migrating nations, taking with them the food plants and domestic animals which serve the greater part of mankind. That wave has now passed round the whole world, and the time is due for another to start—of spiritual life this time. Will there be strength to grasp the opportunity? If not the world must settle down to struggle with the problems of materialism from a lower level, and learn by hard knocks as usual.

TAT TVAM ASI

BY ULLUR S. PARAMESWARA AIYAR, M. A., B. L.

Great Tasso, in his deathless epic, says
An adamantine shield reflecting truth
Revealed to rash Rinaldo that his face
Was no more man's, but woman's; and the youth
Self-mocked, self-tortured, left the luring bower
Of Armada, and joined his former friends.
God, from above, to ev'ry man, his dower
Of shield and mirror, in his conscience, sends.
Kept pure and stainless, there he views his frame
How consecrated, and then how defiled!
Harks back remorseful, purified by shame,
And to his former self gets reconciled.
Hail, Introspection; let thy teaching stern
Fit us the truth of "That Thou Art" to learn.

My Baby

The Divine Ark

BY P. M. HARI

Innocence and Love at the helm and the stern,
And laden with fruits of the hidden lives gone
The tender wee ark like foam glinting is borne
On roaring life-cataract proud of concerns.

My Baby ! It dances; down glittering sails,
Like gem on the crown of the serpent's wide hood,
Cresting the lusty swift waves of the flood,
And wafted by fondness of heaven-born gales.

Thine innocence calms down the buffeting wave,
And makes of the rugged life naked love dear
A cradle with ardour and tenderest fear,
Warbling sweet caroles to rock thee, my Knave !

What nuggets are hid in thy fragile wee form?
What is thy mission, and what is thy dower?
Who gave thee this smile of such magical power
To charm off this world of mad stress and of storm ?

Storm shall not shake thee, nor find thee a mine;
Enriched by the waters thy waxing bright form,
The gale of good time shall waft to thy home
In sweetness of celestial might and sun-shine.

——:o:——

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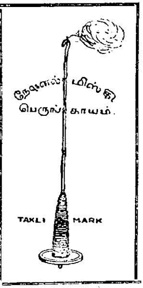

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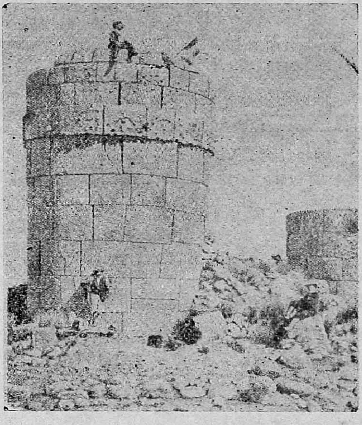
SAILING IN THE CLOUDS

BY HILDA WOOD

THIS is not going to be an article of an aeroplane flight, as might be imagined by the title, though the voyager did visit the "Sun" and the "Moon"! But it is, instead, a description of a journey to Lake Titicaca, in Bolivia.

It was in the year 1923 that my husband and I started on our tour of South America and sailed from New York on one of the fine Lamport and Holt Liners, "The Vandyke" to Buenos Ayres, the capital of Argentina, the largest City south of the Equator. After spending some weeks travelling through Argentine we decided to go to Chile *via* Bolivia, a, somewhat round about way, but as we were at Tucuman we thought that, instead of returning all the way to Buenos Ayres, we might take the train as far as it goes to La Quiaca, and then take a motor over the mountains picking up the Bolivian train at Atocha where the Bolivian railway ended. In those days the railway linking the two countries was only under construction.



An Inca Dwelling-For the living and the dead.

In these strange towers, which still remain as notable specimens of early masonry, the Incas lived with their dead. Burials were made in the lower chamber.

On arrival at La Quiaca, we were lucky in securing a Buick car that was taking two of the railwaymen part of

the way into mountains and would carry us on to Atocha. Most of our way led us up a river bed full of big boulders between precipitous cliffs, with a wind coming down that froze the water that we splashed over our lamps. In some places the river was so deep that the engine had to be covered with old pieces of gunny bag to keep the water out of the carburetter, and we inside the car had to get ready to tuck our legs up—for the level of the swift-flowing river was over the running board.

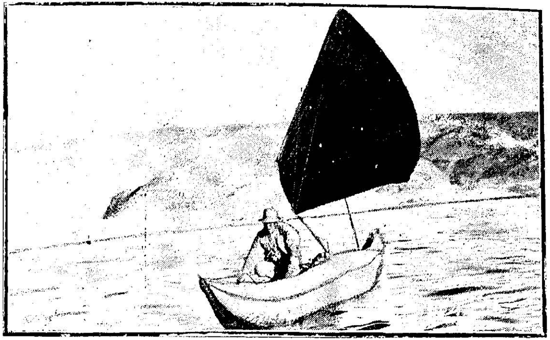
And the funny little villages that we stayed the night in! I shall never forget them. We would draw up at "a hotel" that looked little better than a cowshed. Inside would be found a room full of men smoking, drinking and playing cards and pool. After a moment's hesitation the proprietor would disassociate himself from this throng and ask us what we wanted. I did not know Spanish, but had one sentence off by heart. "We want one room for one night for two people, without food." My husband could manage more sentences than that, but we both knew this one perfectly. The villanous-looking hotel keeper would start to bargain till at last the price was fixed. He would then lead us through the main room to the courtyard behind, round which, as in the old Indian house, were rooms. Invariably our bed-room window and door would not shut, and we would have to place all the available furniture—a table, chair and the beds—behind the door before sleeping. For we remembered those men in that crowded room, and though they were probably as peaceful as ourselves, their appearance went against them. And never was there a whole candle, and rarely a match-box. As for water to wash in, that was too much of a luxury to be expected. Why, even in La Quiaca, before we left the frequented roads, my husband, thinking that there might be a bathroom in the hotel wandered forth and soon came back with the news that he had much startled a gentleman who was putting up for the night in the bathroom and was happily snoring in the bath.

As for food, we were lucky in accidentally taking with us a packet of "Force", and so handfulls of this with an

A BOLIVIAN INDIAN

TWO DESCENDANTS OF THE INCAS

"CHOLITA"—A SPANISH-BOLIVIAN LADY



A BOAT IN LAKE TITICACA

occasional cup of very nasty coffee kept us going till we reached La Paz, the Capital of Bolivia.

La Paz is a most interesting City. The town lies in a natural basin 1,500 feet deep and at an elevation of not less than 12,000 feet above the sea level. The public square is the only flat spot in the place.

After a short stay here we decided to visit Lake Titicaca, and our train took us winding up the very steep cliff till we came out upon the rocky plains above the City. This train was the only one running in the week. But for this circumstance I fear that, when in the evening I stumbled out and found myself confronted with a desolate plain and a little corrugated iron "hotel", I would have turned back. I have had enough of these "hotels"; I prefer a bed in the straw of a bullock cart. We had been assured at La Paz that a first class launch would be waiting for us and all "modern conveniences". Instead of these comforts, we were awakened at four in the morning, and after stumbling after our guide for five minutes-walk that we felt like an hour—we found ourselves at the edge of the lake and could, in the uncertain morning light, just make out the outlines of one of the smallest of motor boats. And it was full to overflowing with humanity. We learnt that the Bolivians had been in the boat all night and had not put off, as was their usual custom, but had patiently waited for us. That patience had given out before daylight, hence our rude awakening which had nearly knocked the uncertain door flying.

So now imagine me sitting on the roof of the little cabin of the motor boat, my back against the tin spout that did for a funnel, wrapped up in innumerable blankets, (and then not warm), watching with a bleak and mournful eye the glorious panorama of seventy-four miles of eternal snow that surround this lake, the highest navigable lake in the world!

Below me, under me, around me, are a happy chattering crowd of men, women and children, with their hens, dead and alive, eggs, cheese and I do not know what.

These women with their children and menfolk had been to market and were now returning home.

And let me here describe a Bolivian peasant woman. I think that the first thing that characterises her is her innumerable skirts. The more she has the happier she is, and she wears all of them till she looks extremely bulky. They are of many colours but generally a dull red. This is after all the Spanish style of dress. In fact, the half Bolivian and half Spanish girls, *Cholita* as they are called, wear the old Spanish dress with the shawl and shoes or boots, often white, with a smart little bow on them. But they differ in their head-dress, for instead of the mantilla and comb, these people wear a most curious hat, like a very tall "bowler". But its material is startling; for it is of a shining white stuff, hard as nails I think it is straw whitened and then lacquered in some way. But the Bolivian peasant woman has no such finery except her petticoats.

These poor Bolivian peasant women can be seen on the roadside in all the villages, especially on Sunday, the market day, squatting in front of their merchandise—a pitifully small array—six oranges, a handful of potatoes or onions, as many chilles, eight annas worth of things in all. For this land is very poor.

To come back to that whole day's sail on one of the highest lakes in the world. It is a lake encircled with barren mountains, whose little native barks have reed matting as sails and the same thick reeds woven together making the hull; for there are no trees here to be used as rafts for boats. And those obstinate mules we took over those barren hills, that went slithering unconcernedly down precipitous cliffs and scrambling up passes 14,000 odd feet high, till at last we met the winding lake again at Copacabana and saw the islands of the "Sun" and the "Moon"! To those islands, tradition says, the first sister and brother divine beings came from heaven and started the wonderful Inca civilization, the glories of whose past can still be seen in the splendid ruins of Tiahuanaco, more strange and mysterious even than the Pyramids of Egypt.

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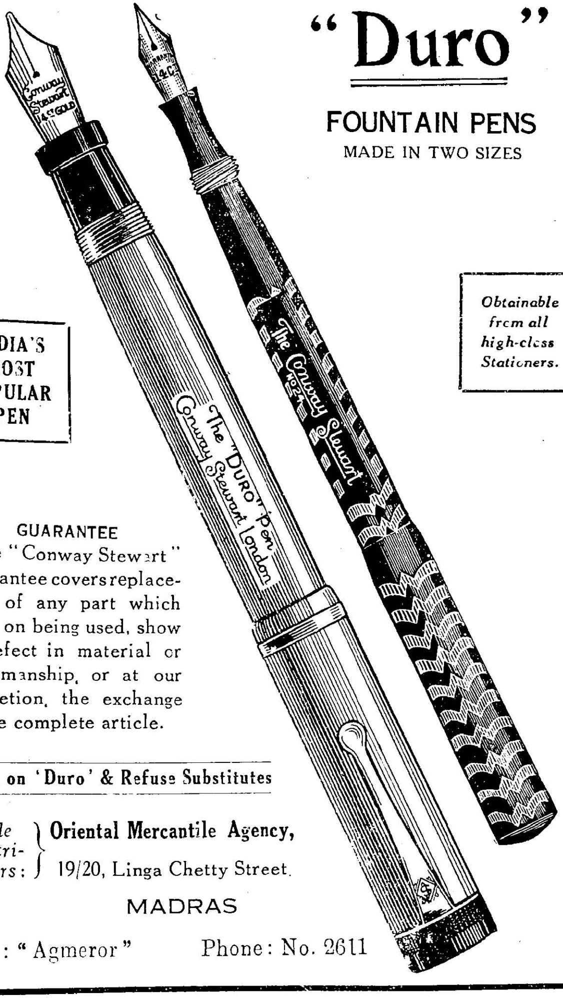

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— *D. R. Dinshaw.*

THE LAYMAN'S ASCENDANCY

BY LIEUTENANT ABDUL HAMID, M. A. (OXON).

THE story is told at Oxford that when a rich American was visiting the garden at St. Johns he was so impressed with the splendour of the lawns that he decided to extract their secret from the gardener. The clever old gardener took the fiver offered as tip, and drawing the American aside, with an air of great importance, said : you takes a lawn and mows and rolls it for two hundred years, that is the secret. This simple story has no doubt a great lesson for all those who seek short cuts. It is a human weakness to seek to achieve the best results in the shortest possible time. Particularly is this the case with peoples who wish to make up for lost time and are in desperate hurry for results.

In the field of Education this tendency has been exhibited in this country both by the expert and the lay enthusiast. Have there not been, attempts to create in a short time the atmosphere of Oxford ? It is not always realised that institutions take a long time to grow, longer even than the green carpet lawns, that it is most difficult to deflect from its course the trend of national life by the infusion of outside ideas. A large number of people, the best brains in the country, have got to get down to the job and be at it for years and years to create effects that would influence permanently and produce results worth recording.

Nowhere is this tendency more marked than in the field of Elementary education where the man in the street, has obtained during the last ten years such a real and widespread ascendancy. He seeks not only to lay down the law and to guide policy, but desires to impress, impatiently and in haste, his amateurish ideas on the entire system. It is as if to go back to the story, a set of rich Americans can create the gardens at St. Johns, without employing those dumb patient and contented workers—the gardeners.

Briefly this has been the attitude of the layman in our country. He thinks he understands perfectly that simple thing, an Elementary School. He believes all he has to do is to acquire a hut, and appoint a hack and the miracle will happen—generations of children will grow up educated in citizenship. Up to now it has been usual to think that the Elementary school stands for the 3 R's; reciting a vernacular poem, working out a bazaar bill, and writing a letter. These were supposed to be the achievements necessary for the ryot and the village cooly, to acquire. In defining this as the aim of the elementary school a great error was made. That is not the aim but only a means. Means to what? Means to the 3 C's; character, culture, citizenship. In themselves the 3 R's are blind, without the crowning perspective of the 3 C's. Briefly the problem now is how to effect the change of aim.

The need for doing this need not now be discussed. Even more than during the last decade, the man in the street will be called upon in the coming years to guide, direct and control the destinies of his fellow-men. He should, therefore, be made strong, courageous, altruistic, refined and religious, for, otherwise he will be a danger to himself and to society.

The biggest national problem today is, therefore, the problem of the Elementary school, how its potency for national regeneration and its universal influence could be made use of to spread throughout the land, character, culture and true principles of citizenship. It is a national and not a local concern, this problem. It cannot and certainly ought not to be left to be solved by the layman, the man in the street, the village *adhikari*, for instance, who steps in for a term and quits. The best brains in the country have to put their heads together, to define the aims and to evolve a national scheme and to work it with courage and enthusiasm.

It is easy to translate political theories such as those of local freedom, democratic control, decentralisation of authority. But national services such as the service of

Elementary teachers, these should remain national, to give greater security and prestige to the members of the profession. It is possible, as has been done in some places, to transfer at one stroke, the control, management and direction of the entire machinery to untried hands. What is the result? The blind leading the blind.

Two views are usually held on this question. One view is that the whole question of mass education is a national concern and the central government should always retain initiative and control. The other view is that local patriots should manage their own affairs. As in other questions, the correct solution is perhaps, to be got by compromise. The correct thing seems to be to put the layman at the very top, so that there may be democratic control and at the very bottom, to secure village authority. But it seems unnecessary to import the middleman, the profiteer, the adventurer all along the line. He is not a national saviour. He is the leech who sucks the nation's blood.

The working of a system of education is like the running of a train service. You may have a council of company directors, but you may not have a council of engine drivers and under-guards and station masters. The layman is no use there. He can only hinder and hamper and act as a clog and a dead weight. A service of experts amenable to discipline should be left in charge, those who could be called to account when there is disaster, when there is loss of efficiency.

The tendency to democratise need not show itself in matters that have got to be done by strong hands, guided by a keen eye and a clear brain, with a set purpose for set aims. It is therefore none too soon to review the whole position regarding Elementary school today on these lines, for, on the correct solution of this problem, depends the future happiness of millions in this country.

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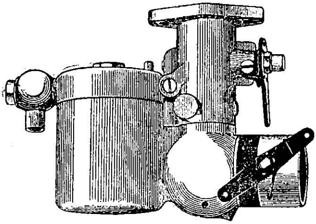

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING MAN

BY T. K. VENKATRAMAN, M. A., L. T.

I TOLD the readers of *The Scholar* in the last Annual number something about my friend, Gopu. A temporary misunderstanding had parted us for a time after the occurence I had already chronicled. It arose about a dog. I had got it specially from a friend in Tinnevelly. He said that it was of high pedigree and that I was lucky to possess it. I admit that the dog, when it reached me, was mangy; that it was undersized and weak; and that it showed a constant tendency to howl—especially at nights. My expectation that it would scare away thieves was also belied when I found that, far from showing any resentment, the dog itself made advances of friendship towards all strangers. Gopu was at that time staying with me; and I found to my regret that from the first he hated my dog, while an inexplicable psychological law made my affection for it increase proportionately to his dislike. At last, the climax came one night. It was true that Gopu went to bed early that day with a splitting headache, and I confess also that the dog chose this particular night to surpass his previous record in howling. Still Gopu was quite unjustified, when he rushed in a frenzy of rage at the dog, grabbed it and threw it out of the window. With a final howl, the unfortunate dog left this ungrateful world.

I need not describe the words we had. Both of us parted with a firm resolve, openly announced, that we were hereafter "dead" to each other. Gopu left that night itself.

Three days later Gopu returned. During this interval I had time to reflect on the better comfort and sounder sleep I enjoyed now that the dog was no more. So I was ready to make it up with him again, and did not even resent when Gopu said that he generously forgave me for my cruelty.

Gopu was bursting with news. He had long regarded himself as a brilliant detective, and hard experience had not

convinced him to the contrary. He now waved before me a crumpled page of the *Hindu* and showed me an advertisement, which was as follows :-

MISSING for the past two days old man named Dharmaraja Iyer. Age about 60. Dark complexion, lean and with matted hair. Slightly out of mind. Dressed only in loin-cloth; has no money on him. Information may be kindly sent to his son, Dhananjaya Iyer, 56, Hooghly Road, Saidapet. All expenses paid and also lavish reward for finder.

I turned, in surprise, to Gopu. "Are you thinking of tracking this old madcap?" I asked in amusement.

"My dear man," exclaimed Gopu, "Don't you realise what it means? It is quite easy to spot out this Dharmaraja Iyer. I could do it in a day. Then there remains only the grabbing of this "lavish reward". I think I am now made for life. You will see me day after tomorrow riding in my Rolls-Royce and splashing mud on you as you stand on the roadside watching with envy my immense prosperity......"

"But," I cut him short, "you have first to find the man......".

"My dear friend," Gopu broke in, pityingly, "you will ever remain a chump. This work is as easy as adding two and two together. I will illustrate that to you. First of all, remember that it is an old man, aged about sixty, who is missing. It is very important. The infirmity of his age will prevent his walking a long distance. And yet he is not found in the vicinity. The conclusion is irresistable that he must have taken to some conveyance. You are about to say that he has no money. But if you note that Saidapet is a railway station, and also remember that it is possible for a man to travel without a ticket at least as far as the next junction, Chingleput, you find the solution already staring you in the face. Our quarry is somewhere in or near Chingleput."

I carefully concealed my amusement, at his reasoning, but it was hard to resist his dragging me also to Chingleput in his chase.

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II

All the way I tried to pump out the plans of Gopu, but in vain. I guessed that he was as non-plussed as myself, and that he was trusting only to lucky chance for the success of his enterprise. We alighted at Chingleput, and as we walked into the town, Gopu broke his silence. "Look here, Babu" he said, "I told you nothing before because a good detective never gives out his deep-laid plans before time. Now, this is my idea. The old man whom we seek is now in a strange place, and naturally it would be difficult for him to satisfy his hunger in legitimate ways. There remain open to him only two ways. He must either beg or steal. Our path is, therefore, narrowed down. We have to seek for him amongst the beggars in the street or the convicts in the jail."

It is dreadful even now to recall the horrid time that we spent. True to his brilliant reasoning, Gopu led me into mean alleys and slums. We met beggars with festering sores, beggars with organic lesions; beggars without limbs; beggars encrusted with disease and dirt. Amongst them, however, there was no one corresponding to our man. After encountering the ridicule and the insults of a crowd of these proletarians and nearly dodging the infuriated attentions of a *sadhu* who believed that we were police spies in disguise, we emerged into a broad street, and the first building there was a criminal court. Gopu excitedly dragged me in, and gave my shoulder a convulsive squeeze as he pointed to me a prisioner at the bar. He was certainly old—perhaps more than sixty, I believed. Lean is not the word to describe his appearance. He was gaunt and emaciated—almost a skeleton. His complexion was indeed very dark, and he was clad in a dirty and torn lion-cloth. I cannot say whether his hair was ever matted, for his head was now bald. His face was of the criminal type and indicated his cunning and wickedness. I felt some doubt as to whether this was the man whom we sought, but Gopu was positive and in high glee.

"See what a trained mind can do," he exclaimed, as he dragged me into the telegraph office, from where he sent

a meesage to Dhananjaya Iyer asking him to come with money. For, the prisoner at the bar had just been convicted as we left the court and sentenced to a big fine or in the alternative to a term of rigorous imprisonment. We later went to the station to meet Mr. Dhananjaya Iyer coming by the evening train and waited in the rendezvous fixed in our message—the Indian Refreshment Room. But we met only a servant. Mr. Dhananjaya Iyer was not yet home. His mother had despatched the servant with the money, with the message that she would send her son as soon as he returned. Meanwhile we were to free the old man from custody and take him to the house of a sister of hers in —Street. Dhananjaya Iyer would meet us there. The old lady, in her anxiety, never bothered about a correct identification, and I found that the servant also was quite new having been engaged only two days back and so unfit to identify his master's father. These considerations never bothered Gopu who was cocksure; I was a little uneasy but I wanted to see the matter to the end.

Well, the fine was paid—with Dhananjaya Iyer's money. The old man, surprised and bewildered, and too astounded to speak—Gopu ascribed it to shock—was led to the house indicated.

The old lady there let out a wild shriek when Gopu introduced the old man as her relative. Just then Dhananjaya Iyer also arrived post haste, and when he saw the old man he also let out a hoarse cry of rage and disappointment. His first action was to go and shake the old man who had begun to sleep on the floor and ask him in coarse language who he was. The aged one blinked his filmy eyes and muttered that he was Sanyasi Padayachi of —lane. This was the moment chosen by a telegraph peon to hand a message to Dhananjaya Iyer which read:

Father returned. Come at once.

Dhananjaya Iyer, wild with fury, turned on Gopu. I did not wait to see through their interview. I made a sprint for the station, and caught the train to Madras just in time.

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L. C. P. S., L. M. S. (C. H C.)

സ്വരാജ്യത്തിനുവേണ്ടി ജയിൽ വാസ മനുഭവിച്ചും ജീവനെക്കൂടി തൃണവൽഗണിച്ചും തനിക്കും തന്റെ രാജ്യത്തിന്നും അനശ്വരമായ യശസ്സിന്നും പദവിക്കും ഇടയാക്കിയും 1929-ലെ വത്തിക്കാൻ ഉടമ്പടിയാൽ ഭൂലോകപ്രസിദ്ധനായും ഇറ്റാലിയിലെ ആധുനിക സൎവ്വാധിപതിയായി സ്ഥിതിചെയ്യുന്ന ഈ മഹാന്റെ ജീവചരിത്രം ഈ കാലത്തു വായിക്കുന്ന ഏതു ഭാരതീയന്റെയും മനസ്സിന്നു ശക്തിയായി ഉണൎച്ച ഉണ്ടാക്കുന്നതാണു. താണപടിയിൽ ഇരുന്ന ഒരു കൊല്ലപ്പണിക്കാരന്റെ പുത്രനായ ഇദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ ജീവചരിത്രം ഏവൎക്കും വിസ്തൃതമായ വിജ്ഞാനഭണ്ഡാഗാരമായിരിക്കുന്നതാണ്. പ്രസ്തുത പുസ്തകത്തിന്നു വില 0—12—0.

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THE ART OF COOKING

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ഗ്രന്ഥകൎത്താ—കുടമാളൂർ കെ. കെ. ഗോപാലപിള്ള.

മലയാളത്തിലും പരദേശത്തിലും ഉള്ള ആയിരത്തോളം പച്ചക്കറികൾ, പലഹാരങ്ങൾ, വടകങ്ങൾ, ഉപ്പിലിട്ടതുകൾ, മധുരക്കറി (പ്രഥമൻ) മുതലായ പല യോഗങ്ങളും ഇതിൽ അടങ്ങിയിരിക്കുന്നു. ചിലവു കുറഞ്ഞും രുചി കൂടിയും ഭക്ഷണം കഴിക്കണമെന്നുള്ളവൎക്കു ഈ പുസ്തകം ഓരോന്നു വീതമെങ്കിലും കയ്യിലുണ്ടായിരിക്കേണ്ടതാണ്. ഒന്നാം ഭാഗത്തിന്നു വില അണ 12മാത്രം. വി. പി ചാൎജ് പുറമെ. മത്സ്യമാംസാദിയോഗങ്ങൾ അടങ്ങിയ 2-ാം ഭാഗത്തിന്നു വില അണ 4മാത്രം.

ദ്രാവിഡവൃത്തങ്ങളും അവയുടെ ദശാപരിണാമങ്ങളും

(ഗ്രന്ഥകൎത്താ: മ. മ. ശ്രീ കൊച്ചി രാമവൎമ്മപ്പൻ തമ്പുരാൻ തിരുമനസ്സുകൊണ്ടു). തിരുമനസ്സിലെ ഏതാനും കൊല്ലത്തെ നിരന്തരപരിശ്രമത്തിന്റെ ഫലമായി പുറപ്പെട്ടിട്ടുള്ള പ്രസ്തുതഗ്രന്ഥം ദ്രാവിഡ വൃത്തങ്ങളിൽ കവിത എഴുതുന്നവൎക്കു മാത്രമല്ല സംഗീത സാഹിത്യാദികളുമായി ഇടപെട്ടിട്ടുള്ള ഏവൎക്കും അത്യാവശ്യമായിട്ടുള്ള ഒരു വിശിഷ്ടശാസ്ത്ര ഗ്രന്ഥമാണ്.

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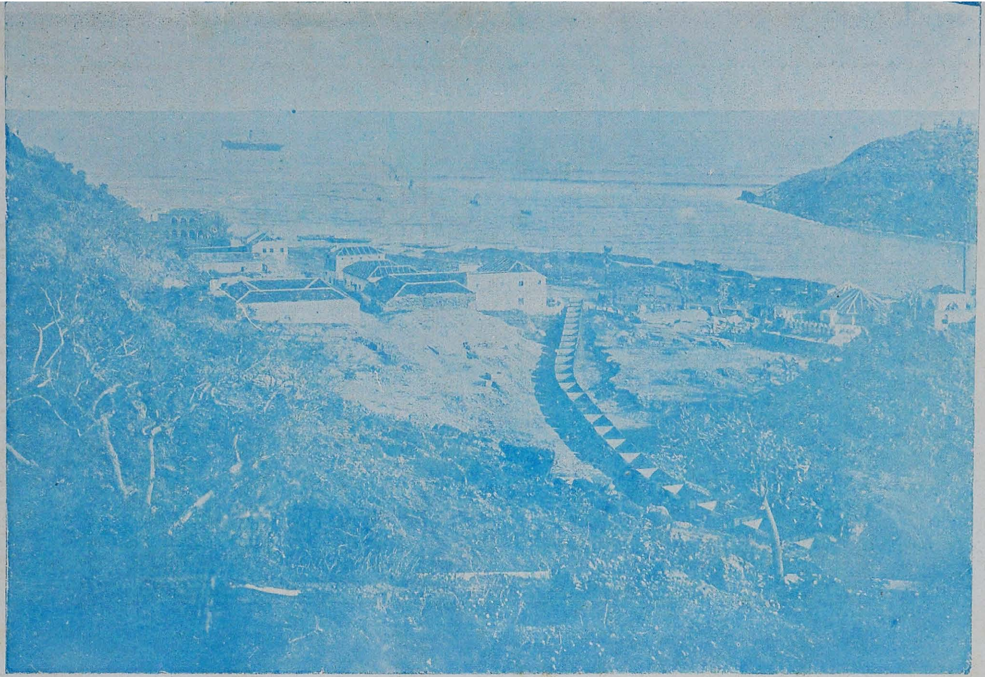

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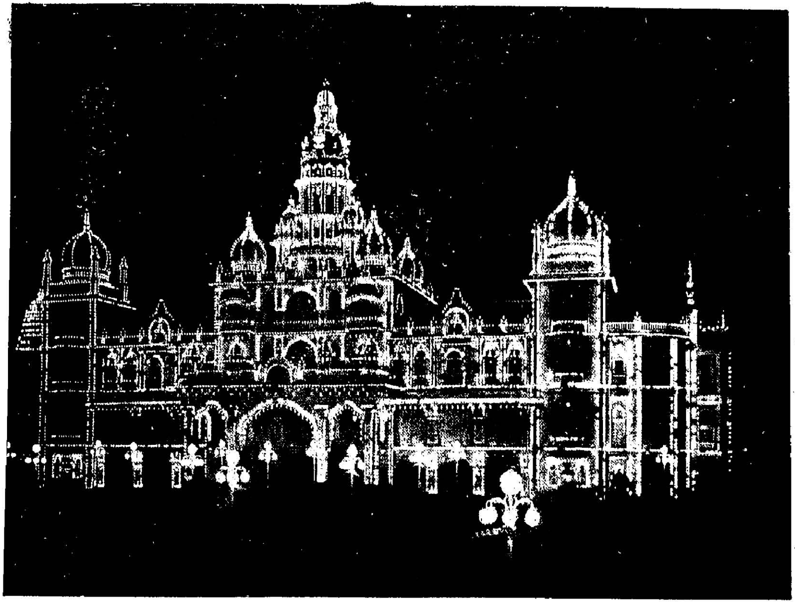

MYSORE PALACE ILLUMINATION

ON THINKING TOO MUCH

BY K. CHANDRASEKHARAN, M. A. B. L.

ACTION has its birth in the suggestion of the mind. It is the chief outlet for the manifestation of power and the wide commentary on the higher thoughts of man. It translates thought into a reality and gives shape to a formless potentiality. Like the voice to music, like the wind to sails it is ever indispensable to thought.

But even as the banks shape the river, thoughts control the course of action. The one without the other would seem an impossibility. Both act and react on each other and keep the mind in a state of perfect equilibrium. For excess of either easily affects an excellent life. When the two are mixed up in proper proportions, they compose the elixir of human happiness.

In our eager efforts to ward off the evils of hasty action, we are liable to give unbridled rein to our thoughts. And speculation of the mind often cancels the best impetus in us to do the right thing at the right moment. We lose golden opportunities and splendid occasions for the spark of spirit to catch fire and rise in a pure flame. Chastening as the influence of thought on mind may be, an imaginative brain may even prove a check on the impulse to be up and doing. For when thought becomes a malady it impairs the vigour of the mind for decision. The man of action rarely pauses awhile, after once making up his mind. He does not fall a prey to devouring thoughts. He is immune to the dragging force of undercurrents. He only stops to breathe fresh air and to look around, lest his hasty steps should lead him on to a precipice instead of to the summit.

The thinking mind, however ready of response to the finer feelings of human nature, rarely liberates itself from the ensnaring coils of dreams and doubts. If Hamlet had not been so much obsessed by his mental speculations, his life might not have ended in a tragedy. He debated too

long to avert the unhappy turn, things were taking. He lacked intrepid courage as he lacked decesion in an abnormal degree. The accumalation of responsive and sensitive qualities resulting from too acute an imagination may often bar the gates of action, even as the increasing sediment of soft mud and mineral may choke the mouth of the river.

Freedom of action gets completely controlled, as too much thinking becomes an ingrained habit. To enslave oneself to the tyranny of the mind is as harmful as yielding oneself to an impetuous temper. If rapidity of action cannot always gain applause, thinking too long, as well, fails to achieve a hundredth of what we ordain in our Kingdom of Thought. The habit of thinking unnecessarily long, is perhaps as unhealthy as total abstinence from it.

Thinking should aid and not retard the momentum of thought-power. It should clarify and not confuse the mind. It should prove an informed guide and not an unsafe pilot. For, mere cogitation upon trifles creates doubts and imaginary fears, that become part of the growth of a disease. It is likely to make of one, an unsuccessful lawyer and an embarrassing judge too. It teases life into a thraldom and converts man into a cynic. It plunges him into worries at every turn and denies him much the comforts of solitude.

The greatness of man is tested by his capacity and readiness to act up to his ideals. The purest philosophy preaches that it is better to act and fail than merely talk and quail. Hence every warrior that dies on the field, however little his share in the glory of action, is honoured for his courage. His motto is but to do and die. In the frantic struggles for freedom, the man who does a portion of what he conceives to be advancing the right cause, gains respect from the masses as not even all the picturesque phrases in the world can wrest homage from them.

England was fortunate in having at the head of the Cabinet Mr. Lloyd George, the supreme man of action, during the Great War. He lost no time in rousing up the whole island and electrifying the air with his stirring appeals. He so much moved from place to place with stimulating

words for his countrymen at home and abroad, that he received the sobriquet of a "Drummer Boy" from Germany. In the hours of great commotion and agitation, when the country is in the throes of despair, the man of action alone can command a good following in his march towards the desired goal. The great ones of the land are always men of action. Religious reformers and born patriots are able to keep the flame alive only by the example of their lives which bear the marks of their lofty ideals. The thoughts formed in the sober and calm moments of life may fail one in the hour of need. It is then that his endeavours to accomplish something of his pre-determined plans can save him like a life-belt. For once the toppling crags are scaled, he will find himself 'close to the shining Table lands'.

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GHOST OR MAN?

BY K. C. GUPTA

AH, the miracles of time! The eventful first quarter of the Twentieth Century, what magic changes it has wrought! In the days of my early youth—thirty years ago—a fire-arm was a rarity in Bengal—a treasure only to be secured after wasting long hours in the corridor of the collector's bungalow, soliciting, begging. And the weapon too—very often, a muzzle-loading 12-bore fowling piece. To shoot a pair of teals one had to carry his little arsenal with him—powder and shots with caps and wads, to boot.

No wonder then, that even with such a weapon, I was prey to an instinctive heart-throbbing at a place which Dame Rumour had labelled 'haunted'. It was a glorious dawn. I was progressing proudly, with a gun on my shoulder and a kitbag hanging by my side, along the bank of the meandering stream. The country-side was strange to me. I was being lured onwards by the sunshine, the murmur of the rivulet and the whisper of the leaves. I meant to surprise my host with the victims of my fowling-piece, and that was why I had ventured out alone.

I was sure, now, that I was in the Muslim quarter of the village; for with the voice of nature, I could discern the shrill, clear notes of Chanticleer—cock-a-doodle-doo. I careered along to realise with a shiver, where I was—the village graveyard—the haunted graveyard, about which I had heard such tales of horror, overnight.

It is easy to laugh in the comfortable armchair of a safe reading room, and to think lightly of superstitious fears. But I confess, I shivered and do not care in the least who laughs at the confession. A village graveyard outside a Bengalee village is a desolation. Humble clods of earth mark each grave. The penury of the peasant's lifetime dogs him to the grave. Bushes of wild plants shut out the sun from those humble dwelling of the dead. A jackal had half exhumed a newly interred body and was contemplating a hearty breakfast. A pair of vultures were lustily engaged in a tug of war with the enterprising Raynard for a share of the booty. A very sly fox waited his opportunity, underneath a bamboo clamp and patiently watched the contest. A dozen crows, on the green springs, displayed an eager concern for the result of the fray.

This scene was in itself gruesome and shocking. To add to it however came rustling sounds from an adjoining bush. First emerged a beard, a thick black luxurious outgrowth; and then a face—a pale, livid human face with sharp, earnest looks in a pair of deep-seated eyes. I felt hammer-blows on my ribs—the heart working frantically inside. And this, in spite of the weapon in my hand, which was fluttering like the green flag in the hand of a railway guard about to start his train. To steady myself, I prayed to my Prophet Ramachandra, the slayer of the demons and the powers of evil. My own eyes were transfixed on that weird face and the glare of the sunken hollow eyes. It was useless my trying to avoid the gaze. Then appeared a hand—a round, healthy, living wrist, in strange contrast to that ghastly face.

And then the hand beckoned to me to approach its owner. My grandmother had taught me, while a child, that ghosts have the palms of their hands inside out, that their feet are turned behind their legs. This creature, however, possessed them human wise. I classified him as a member of a newly envolved species of spirits. My legs disobeyed the mandate of my heart—to approach the presence, to confort him, and to listen to him if he was of the talking variety. He signed to me

again. In the despair of my failure, to co-ordinate my action to the will, I sat down on a mount over a grave. The Ghost-man emerged out of the jungle now. The jackal and the vultures withdrew to a distance—they, at least, knew where honour was due. I say Ghost-man, for this particular specimen had a *lungi* round its loins—a sartorial trifle which the cent per cent ghost would hate to think of. He walked straight up to me and squatted on another grave, face to face with me. I breathed hard; I perspired profusely. I was in the midst of a terrible dilemma—who *was* he—man or spirit, ghost of a man or a ghost-like man? I again prayed to Sree Rama-but to a Muslim ghost the incantation was misapplied. He did not vanish: but rather gave indications of thriving.

He treated me to a furtive glance, for a while: then his eyes rolled in their sockets, from side to side, upwards and downwards. No human lunatic, however wild and odd, could ever reproduce that performance. Ramachandra having failed, I had only the ramshackle of my fowling-piece to depend upon. I thought of tactics now and gave him a right royal salute. He returned it not: on the contrary, stared at me with a rudeness peculiarly his own. With a twist of his cadaverous weird face, he said—"Will you listen?"

To what shall I compare that voice? It was the sound of a hundred Chinese crackers, exploding inside a cooking pot. As one entranced, I said—"Of course, I would."

"What would you care to hear about? Eh? What would you know?"

I still wonder how I could tell him—"I mean, sir, to hear if you are a man or—er—what do they call it."

It was the involuntary articulation of an all devouring thought. At the very moment, when I was expecting a twist of the neck, came the answer—"Aha! Ghost or man? Really a man although a ghost. Yes, a man and ghost—all in one; both alive and dead. Dead though alive; alive though dead."

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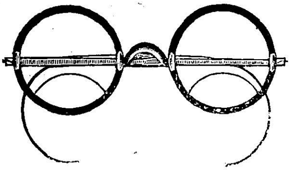

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What an enigma. I gave up the last hope of classification after that clear exposition. "I understand" I said, to cut short the interview.

"I am glad you do. But do you know why so? Will you hear?"

I signified assent, with a nod of the head.

II

"Have you ever been in love with a friend's wife?"—The spirit asked me point-blank.

Needless to say, I felt scandalised, humiliated at such a question. I looked at the gun in indignation. But I had to pocket the venom, and with a scratch of the head, I said —"Well, it is as good as that, I haven't actually done so, but sometimes I have been inclined or rather felt a call, to pin my love in other quarters, when my wife would go away to her father's place, now and again."

"No, no, none of that nonsense," he rattled. "Love, real, burning, consuming, flame, biting love."

Biting love! Ghost-land must be full of emotions, of that description, judging from the teeth of its inhabitants, as painted in children's magazines. Very humbly I told him that I had never felt any passion approaching a biting love.

"Yes, biting love," he said "sticking, griping love."

I had once a griping pain in my stomach, I informed him. That did not satisfy the presence He had been the victim of a griping, biting love, he repeated. I believed him, from the look of his dirty teeth.

"Yes, I understand, what you mean, late sir," I submitted. "The kind of love they write about, in works of fiction; I have never loved mine own or a friend's wife to the point of biting. Besides, I have got Pyorrheah."

"But I have felt that emotion for a friend's wife. I have loved to distraction."

I humbly asked him if the famous occurrence had happened in our world or in his.

"On earth, on earth, and then I regarded it as a paradise; do you follow?"

I said, I was ahead. Cheap love stories have been the dear delight of my heart. That kind of love was real love, I ventured to suggest. The other varieties were tame and vapid.

"The classical poets of Bengal have styled that love *parakia prem*—love outside the ties of matrimony."

"Yes, the classical poets. A modern Bengali writer has gone steps ahead exposing that sort of love, to its nudity. They call it realistic art and really degrade—"

"None of that hideous vocabulary" he grinned.

"I beg your pardon, noble spirit" I said. "I am ever for simple Saxon words."

"Listen now. No fiction can ever beat history. Karim was my cousin, my playmate of boyish days, my friend of youth I was fairly well educated, I had a working knowledge of the Bengali, English and the Persian languages. Karim kept a shop in Calcutta. In an evil moment, I accepted his invitation to be his guest. He was in his shop, the greater part of the day leaving me alone to spend my hours in his house, with a book or something. It was this visit that proved my ruin for—"

"It was then that you fell in love with his wife—a noble achievement no doubt!"

"You are wise," he said. "Yes, I came under her influence. With angelic grace, she catered to my wants. With her rosy hands, she cooked for us both, such heavenly dishes. The kitchen of the Badshahs—no, no, I am praising only a phase of her character, which the vulgar alone would extol. The music of her voice, no *vina* could reproduce—a real Bulbul of Gulistan. Her looks were intoxicating."

The scoundrel! I was just shaking off my fear, in the exuberance of my hatred, for this beast. "And what about her gait? Was that swan-like?" I interposed.

"Ah yes, she glided with the grace of a swan, of a queen in her glory. In fine, she was a real Houri on earth. —a Bassorah rose, a Shahzadas Shalimar. But now to me that glory is lost."

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He sighed—the system of sighs obtained, then, in Ghost-land. He was meditating with closed eyes. This was my opportunity then but before I could take to my heels, he opened his eyes and started again, with a sigh.

"Do not think for a moment that I was a debased sinner and that I was getting choked in the flood of this gushing stream, without a struggle to save my soul. I knew of the scriptures and possessed what every mortal starts life with—a vigilant conscience. But the flood was strong, and it successfully washed away all other emotions. Do you know what fanned the flame of my passion to such a blaze?"

I held my tongue rigidly. He seemed a bit reasonable now and I had no mind to see him revert to his former stunt. So I hazarded no guess.

"Sulikan herself was feeling the heat of that flame. But being a woman, she knew how to suppress an emotion. We men feel helpless, that way. I could feel that she loved to hear my voice."

"This rattling creaking sound," I enquired, unable to suppress my surprise.

He was a forgiving ghost. He took no offence. "While alive, I had a sweet voice too—so people used to say. She observed purdah; we could never meet, face to face, nor could we talk. But our hearts spoke, although the lips were sealed,"—he observed, of course in his rattling voice.

I sincerely apologised, "Am I to understand then, really" I added "that you are a disembodied spirit, within a temporary human sheath? You seem nobleness personified but there are aspects of your frame which are puzzling—those—er—roving eyes, for instance."

"Yes, I am a ghost of my former self, an earth-bound graveyard-walker to-day."

I surveyed him from head to foot. Yes, a most hideous combination of the sublime with the ridiculous—the cadaverous bloodless bluish face of a ghost placed on the top of a handsome young man's body.

"Let that go, late sir," I said "you were talking about the effects of your voice on the lady Sulikan Bibi."

"She seemed to be captivated by it, I thought. So I fell deeper in love. The very earth she walked over, seemed holy to me. her clothes used to inspire me, even her very slippers."

There was something really refreshing and novel in this inspiration of the slippers. He continued—"I adored Karim. How noble, how generous he was! My cousin never suspected that, under his very roof, there lurked a viper, grossly abusing his hospitality. This was where the sting of the whole business lay—this constant struggle, with all its concomitant bitterness. My whole being was torn to pieces in this onslaught of invading love on my conscience, my good-breeding and my love of God. Do you know when the struggle was at its fiercest?"

I did not know, I said plainly.

"When I thought of the vanity of stupid conventions, the human institution of marriage, with all its meaningless unnatural shackles, seemed so hollow. Conscience seemed a misleading bundle of superstitious traditions, which mankind in its ignorance of true laws mistook for the voice of the Creator. What could be more natural than to tell the woman one loved, that he worshipped her and meant to enjoy life and all its beauties, in her company. And if she reciprocated there was nothing for it but to walk over the world together, hand in hand and defy the silly dogmas of unreasonable conventions. Then, would follow the reasonings of the other side—the blessings of virtue and the duties of mankind to the rest of the world, the infallibility of the scriptures and the word of the Prophet. Life for me became intolerable. For hours my mind used to be the battle-ground of opposing passions—a sort of No Man's land. Conscience used always to come out victorious in this conflict. Oh! those horrid days of torture! Hell on earth is worse than the real hell whereever that may be located."

He ceased raving. I solaced him. Desire springs natural in the human heart ; to control it is saintly.

"Stuff and nonsense", he grinned "They jest at scars that never felt a wound. They alone talked of self-control who never knew passions. That was the worst side of human institutions. People who preached morality or wrote text books were either too immoral themselves—breakers of the very rules they recommended, or they were so much above ordinary humanity that they never saw the practical side of life. You cannot really control a strong passion by barricades. Do you know the most dangerous element in the composite passion, we call love?"

I expressed my inability to enter into such a philosophical disquisition. My power of analysis, specially of complex psychological phenomena, had never been commended in any quarter.

"It is the element of hope that makes passion a harbinger of criminal thoughts. In unrequited love, the lover dreams of success in the future. He never gives up hope. I too never did. Do you knew where it all led me to?"

"I have not the ghost of an idea of that locality"—I confessed again.

"Conscience said—you could not take love to another man's wife. Hope said—very well, but you can marry a widow, and the natural corollary was that, at weak moments I would think Karim, unfortunately dead, as death was the order of life."

I got up with a shudder.

"Goblin damned: You creature of hell. In the name of everything holy I command you to go back to hell your natural abode."—I thundered.

He held me in an iron grip—a burning scorching grip. Through the mere horror of the grip, I resumed my seat. His rolling hellish eyes struck terror into my heart. I was hypnotised. Willy nilly I had to stay on. He continued. "You are intelligent, but hasty. This was a period of greater struggle. This hellish thought could never come near me,

when I was wide-awake. But in moments of mental laziness, when the mind was off its guard the idea used to creep into the mind. Hope used to whisper happy prophecies advising me to wait till, till—"

He was ashamed to utter the rest of the sentence. Hypocritical goblin! He explained that in reading of an accident, for instance, in the newspaper, his mind would involuntarily think of Karim as the victim—an amiable thought no doubt. When reading of an epidemic in Calcutta he would think of his cousin, whose wife he coveted, and prayed to God for his immunity. But in that prayer itself, he confessed, lurked the devil. He felt Calcutta was too bad for him and his safety lay in flight.

He described the leave-talking. Karim was absent from the house so was the maid of all works. He stepped out on the Courtyard; the lady was in the verandah. She veiled herself but did not run away from his presence. He thanked her for all her kindness and the excellence of the hospitality. He praised her looks and her graces and said, with tears in his eyes, how he envied Karim who had a Houri for a wife. He told her that his life was a desert and his heart cinder. And she? She simply wept inside her room.

This spirit belied all my previous knowledge about ghosts. They roamed about graveyards and other odd, lonely places at night, I knew. But this present one was a strange creature. In clear morning light he was talking in a human voice, airily criticising human institutions, giving expression to human sentiments and sighing like bellows, as a real denizen of the planet we call earth.

A few months later, Karim came home. Sulikan was in strict purdah, so the ghost, whose human name was Tariff Khan, could never see her. He used to lure Karim to talk about her. Her house he used to consider sacred and generally, to be brief, he lived in a fool's paradise, alternately hoping and castigating his mind.

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"I came to that garden yonder, with Karim for an evening walk," he said. "We were seated on the stump on a fallen mango tree, talking about her. Suddenly I noticed a cobra behind Karim I do not know that by any means I could have saved him. But then I had taken it for granted that the demon of a snake would bite him as really it did. How terrible! How monstrous!

I stood up again, shocked. I felt I was a mighty sinner, listening to the confessions of this evil one. He got up too. His bloodless face bacame more hideous. But his eyes looked pleadingly. "Consciously I never wished it," he pleaded. "His death had become so familiar to me. My unwary dark thoughts had blunted the edge of my natural instincts. I was miserable when he died, this friend of my youth, this noble, generous kind man. I am the vilest of wretches living and when I die—"

"You are not dead yet?"

"No, I am as alive as you are. Death may be a relief to me but this living hell—this hell on earth—these tortures"—

He squatted again on a mound. Then quietly and slowly he pointed to a grave near-by. "There lies he, the victim of my rascality."

He collapsed. I ran to the river, brought a handful of water with which I brought him back to his senses. He walked up to Karim's grave, rolled over it, shed bitter tears of remorse and repentance. He wailed, he lamented. Then he prayed—deep, earnest, sincere, prayers.

The jackal and the vultures took their leave and so did I, leaving the ghost man to himself.

The next morning the little village was astir with gossip. Tarif Khan had left all his estate to the widow of Karim and departed nobody knew where.

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Let me cite one instance—one among a dozen—of the soulless exploitation of the ignorant farmer by one of the most typical of the Burians. He was not very rich to begin with. His parental portion was a 'paltry' three-acre paddy estate. His wife was stout and his three sons brawny. He had too the precious stomach-ache, the ironic humour, the eternal tremble of his fingers. But these were minor things: the main thing was to take money and buy more paddy fields and dress more shabbily than ever.

One day, Alagu, the Panchama farmer, sought an interview with the Burian land-lord, the subject of this sketch. On the pretext of Vedic rites and religious ablusions the poor farmer was kept waiting for about two hours, and needy Alagu had to console himself as best as he could and reconcile himself to his foul surroundings. At last venerable Sama Sastrulu made his apperance. Instinctively Alagu sprang to his feet and bowed to the ground. But the sacred presence only nodded: no exaggeration to say that the Sastrulu even assumed the God, affected the nod and seemed to shake the spheres. Somehow Alagu felt safe at sight of that appetising vision. His monetary worries had already vanished into thin air.

But the venerable Sama could not stand there at the backyard gate for ever. Alagu plunged into the subject.

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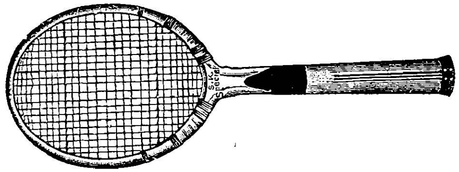

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"Oorthioo, you alone can help me now. Doggy is fallen to the depths: raise me up, my king, mine only saviour!" And he prostrated on the ground. Sastrulu surveyed the scene with grim satisfaction. Surely all his ablutions had not been in vain: his one hundred and eight *gayatris*, his fasts, his sonorous recitations in the temple, the telling of beads from morn till night, the holy-ash besmirchings on the body.

Alagu had risen up. The solemn words were proceeding from the Swami's mouth and reverberating in the still noon-day air; oracular in tone, lifeless in gesture, venomous in purport. The Swami was saying: "Not two hundred rupees, Alagu, could I lend you: I shall lend between eight hundred and a thousand. 'Tis 'gainst my principle to lend any sum less than seven fifty, and you know of course that without ample security I cannot even countenance the idea of lending. For a religious man like myself, who has such a horrid contempt of our Courts, no amount of care would be too much. So, then, this is my final word: I shall be able to lend you, this very evening if you like, a good eight hundred on a lenient 15% interest provided you are willing to mortgage your Vannikulam garden in its entirety. I have nothing more to say."

Alagu experienced mixed feelings. Really, what was he to do with eight hundred rupees? And to hold over his thrice-beloved Vannikulam garden the fearful spectre of the mortgage deed! For generations had the garden been in the family: actually grown and prospered and blossomed under benignant skies and unceasing labour. It was sacrilege to pledge its transference to any body else. He should not dream of it.

"Swami! Oorthioo, I want no more than a poor two hundred: I agree as regards the interest. And take a pro-note if you will have it so: in any case the amount—principal and interest—shall be returned within three months. I know nobody to turn to: help me now and doggy me shall never forget the succour you will now be giving me."

"No," snapped the Presence. Then with a quick forward jerk of his head went on: "You see, 'tis my principle that stands in the way of my obliging you in the manner you wish me to. Even then I cannot see why you object to my proposal. With a capital of six hundred rupees, the sum that will be left out after the needed two hundred are disposed of, what wonders could you not do? And what huge lots of money may you not make out of this capital? You could hire some paddy fields and turn them into betel gardens or sugarcane gardens. Roots, vegetables, nay, flowers, all these you might, by proper cultivation and skilful tending, produce in big quantities. Why not clutch at this splendid opportunity? I'm afraid you are worried about the mortgage deed: why? You know it is a purely formal affair. The garden will be yours still: and the day you receive back the I. O. U. and mortgage certificate and all—and the day will be sooner than you may expect—why, the garden will be yours. Another consideration also. You say you need two hundred for celebrating your daughter's marriage. May I ask how you will be able to repay it? You will only add up the interest to the principal and the amount will rise up higher and higher. But if you would take the cue from me, the betel or sugarcane enterprise will sure enough enable you not only to repay the part invested thereon but the spent-up two hundred as well. I regret I can offer you no terms more favourable from so many points of view. Anyhow do as you like."

Alagu thought again. There was obviously less of iron now in Oorthioo's tone. His sincerity was patent. Yes, after all, the pious Swami had his principles. That he had not the least wish to see Alagu ruined was unmistakably clear. His proposals also were so practical. Something practical and positive might be done. And as the venerable Sastrulu remarked the mortgage land would never have to part from Alagu. He was a good and kindly man, was Swami. It would be suicide to hesitate in the matter. In a word, Alagu agreed.

The transaction was consummated that very day. Swami was all unconcern. His desire to lend a helping

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hand to an all but ruined farmer, that was all his apparent motive. But in the inner enclosures of his heart he might give vent to his very real jubilation. He did. His plumpy wife had no prudent objections to throw out when he clasped her in his arms that night. They were both in the seventh heaven of happiness. And they knew that they richly deserved it and that it eminently became them. "Of such is the kingdom of the Holy."

Meanwhile, in a far humbler abode, Alagu and his wife were whispering. They were convinced of Swami's extraordinary piety, his incomparable solicitude for their own welfare. Shouldn't something be done to show Alagu's gratitude? What if they lent Swami the best of their cows as long as its milk didn't fail? Swami was starving himself out till mid-day. Severe his austerities, regular and inspiring his penances: who could fail to withhold admiration from such a Being? Next morning Alagu reached the Swami's house with his best cow and her calf (a few weeks old) at his heels. After expostulations the Presence advanced towards the portico. Immediately Alagu began, with a magnificent bow, and pushing the presents to the forefront: "Take these, my saviour! What's cow's milk for fellows like myself? If you but drink its milk, its efficacy would purge our entire race of sins. Once it gives no more milk, I shall take it back and give another of my cows. But this one is the best of them all, Lord knows I'm true!" The Presence nodded absent-mindedly, spoke in muffled tones to Her Excellency and hurriedly, returned to the Holy of Holies. And Alagu ran home to tell his wife the welcome news that his present had indeed been accepted.

What did Alagu do with his money? This question were best never asked. For the answer is a tale of woe. The peasants in the world are the same all over. The marriage of his daughter came and went. It ate away about five hundred good rupees. He had tried but found it impossible to restrain the natural instinct to spend. Three hundred only remained. He hired an extensive tract of land for sugarcane plantation. But a well was needed

absolutely. He boldly plunged into the thing. It consumed ere half dug what remained of the eight hundred rupees. Alagu was now well on the road to insanity. He once again turned to Sastrulu for help.

It was all his fault, Alagu admitted. If only he had carried out Oorthioo's instructions! The 'if' was a stab, so piercing and so true. As for Sama the placidity of his attitude did not forsake him. His careful calculations were now materialising with exquisite felicity! His answer was ready: "Alagu, there's no use weeping over spilt milk. I shall lend you another five hundred this week-end. I demand no new security. You may even pay the interest along with the capital. I shall not be strict on you. Have the well soon dug and embark upon the crucial part of the business. You may go now and stop wailing over what can't be repaired."

Who could have spoken better words of comfort? He was completely reassured by the sage words of the Swami. He borrowed the five hundred and scattered it also this way and that. The well was completed, of course, but his debts, interests and all, had now mounted up to some odd three thousand. Certainly Swami wasn't to blame. He advised him for the best. The workings of Providence were not merely perverse, they were indubitably mysterious. All for the best, said Sama Sastrulu. Alagu with a naked conviction believed him. He was half demented already.

From bad to worse went Alagu. The sugarcane affair proved the will-o'-the-wisp in the ever deepening darkness. He scarcely got enough to pay a third of the interest. The killing weight of the debts was intolerable. Sama came out at last, with his master suggestion. Could not Alagu change the scene of his activities for at least seven years? Swami had consulted Alagu's horoscope and the seven-and-a-half-year influence of Saturn had but just begun. Hence Alagu's unpremeditated calamities. What was needed was a change of place Might not Alagu make up his mind to go to Ceylon, with family if need be, and seek some lucrative service in the tea plantations? Sastrulu had a friend

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രാജയോഗം	0	12	0
വേദാന്തസാരം	0	4	0
ശ്രീമഹാഭാരതം	0	10	0
അദ്ധ്യാത്മരാമായണം	0	6	0
ശ്രീമൽഭാഗവതം	1	8	0
പഴനിമാഹാത്മ്യം	1	4	0
കമ്പരാമായണം	2	0	0
അദ്ധ്യാത്മരാമായണംമൂലം (അൎത്ഥസഹിതം)	3	0	0
സുന്ദരകാണ്ഡം (ഭാഷാവ്യാഖ്യാനം)	3	8	0
പ്രശ്നമാൎഗ്ഗം പൂൎവ്വഭാഗം	3	0	0
ടി ഉത്തരഭാഗം	3	0	0
ചമൽക്കാരചിന്താമണി	0	12	0
ഗുണപാഠം വ്യാഖ്യാനം	0	6	0
രസചന്ദ്രിക	1	0	0
പ്രയോഗസമുച്ചയം	1	4	0
ആരോഗ്യമാൎഗ്ഗം (ഗാന്ധി)	0	10	0
പാദുകാ പട്ടാഭിഷേകം	0	8	0
വടക്കൻ പാട്ടുകൾ	1	0	0
സൎവ്വരോഗചികിത്സാരത്നം	2	0	0
വൈദ്യമനോരമ	1	4	0
ബാലജ്യോതിഷം	1	4	0
ഭാഗവതം ഏഴുവരി			
നാണുക്കുട്ടിമേനോൻ	2	8	0

മാനേജർ,
സരസ്വതീവിലാസം പുസ്തകശാല,
(TRICHUR) തൃശ്ശിവപേരൂർ.

in the Ceylon Labour Commission. The matter could easily be arranged were Alagu amenable to the proposal.

Alagu greedily jumped at the idea. Amicably Alagu and his family's transportation was arranged. And in his turn Sastrulu bought the Vannikulam garden for nothing. Literally, of course not: but that is what it did amount to. He had advanced on four different occasions sums totalling some three thousand rupees. The wondrous mechanism of interest and compound interest had made it ultimately into the prodigious sum of eight thousand. The Vannikulam garden was worth some ten thousand rupees, according to Swami's estimate. Alagu tacitly concurred. But who could make up one's mind to higgle over so unimportant a matter with one's heaven-sent benefactor? In this spirit Alagu transferred his garden to Sama taking no additional pie. Sama Sastrulu (and his egregious wife, let us not forget to add) heaved a sigh of satisfaction. He was a *de facto* land-lord now, and no doubt !

The next Thursday S. S. "Bamora" carried Alagu and his family to the plantations of Ceylon from which there was to be no home-coming for years and years to come. But what cared Sama? He doubled his gayatris, and his wife grew fatter than ever.

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Course of Events

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1

Life's river is short; it takes its rise
In deep nothingness, none can spy
Along its waters that which lies—
Is, shrubs and plants and why!—
        They bask in shine
        And grow in line
And some have sprung when others hum
Or others wither the poor old chums!

2

Same the stream that feeds them all
Yet some grow while others fall
        Round a place near about
        Spring is smiling lusty stout
        Another field to witness ho
        The frost of Death's there hullo!

3

All this a course of events small
Then do not fret but face the call.

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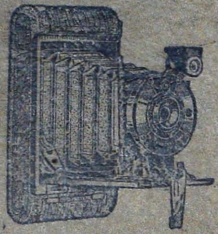

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